

The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 13, 1913

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Lord Haldane on "Sittlichkeit" Special, and we believe unique, distinction attached to the meeting of the American Bar Association at Montreal last week because of the presence of the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, who bore a personal message from King George V greeting the great lawyers present and expressing the hope that the meeting would increase the mutual good will and esteem of Canada and the United States. In consonance with this royal word of international amity was Lord Haldane's address on "Higher Nationality." His chief theme was the existence of something higher than written or common law in the moral rules between nations enjoined by private conscience and the spirit of the community. Just what he meant, said Lord Haldane, has no one English word to express it; but the Germans call it *Sittlichkeit*, and this he defined as those principles of conduct which regulate peoples in their relations to one another, and which have become a matter of habit and second nature at the stage of culture reached, and of which, therefore, we are not explicitly conscious. When a nation, like an individual, recognizes some things as binding because they are ethical rather than legal, because not to do them would be "bad form" or "not the thing," we have true examples of *Sittlichkeit*. This theme was an excellent one for the occasion, and was admirably developed by the distinguished speaker. International good manners, forbearance, and friendliness are nowhere better illustrated than on the two sides of the Dominion's border. Occasionally, to be sure, we have instances of international bad manners, as when a President of the United States publishes a private letter written by himself in which he says that the results of reciprocity "would make Canada only an adjunct of the United States;" or as when a mob of Canadian citizens in a court-room shout "Hurrah for Thaw and the British Empire!" apparently thinking

that moral support of an unspeakable criminal maniac is patriotic. But these cases are rare; and almost always they are the folly of individuals or the ignorant excitement of a populace. Such explosions as that in the Thaw matter are sporadic and in no sense national. Lord Haldane's address was sound, and will do good. His personality and career are most interesting, as will be seen by reference to the article written about him by Mr. Robert Donald, of the London "Chronicle," which was printed in The Outlook of August 23. Among many other famous men who were present at the American Bar Association may be named Chief Justice White, of the United States; Maitre Labori, of France; Robert L. Borden, Premier of Canada; and ex-President Taft, who was chosen President of the Association for the coming year.



Mayor Gaynor and Fusion

The method by which Mayor Gaynor was informally offered the nomination for re-election as Mayor of New York City was dramatic, not to say spectacular. On Wednesday of last week, soon after noon, a large crowd gathered in the City Hall Park and overflowed the steps of the City Hall itself. A part of this crowd, estimated by one friendly newspaper at about twelve hundred men, carried shovels. These they piled in a great heap. The shovel has been adopted as the emblem of the Gaynor nominators. This Citizens' Meeting, as it was named, was called to order by Mr. Jacob H. Schiff. This assemblage, he declared, "was destined to demonstrate that the people of New York will not tolerate dictation from self-appointed committees and political organizations as to who shall administer their municipal affairs, and that they know how to reward one who has served them well—one who had been honest, capable, fearless, and independent." The Mayor was then placed in nomination by Mr. R. Ross Appleton, and a

shovel was handed to him. Taking it, the Mayor went through the motion of burying his enemies, to the gratification of the friendly spectators. Because of throat trouble—the result of a would-be assassin's bullet that has been lodged in his neck for three years—the Mayor himself could not make a speech. His words of acceptance were read by another. This speech was an attack upon the “little coterie of men” that met in a room at Delmonico's and determined upon the nominations in behalf of Tammany Hall. In concluding, the Mayor said: “Mr. Chairman, in presenting me with this shovel you stated that the meaning of it was that the work of constructing the subways was to go on vigorously. It means far more than that. It means that the people of this city are going to shovel all of these miserable little political grafters into one common dump heap.” The interpretation of this occurrence differs according to the political opinions of the interpreter. One newspaper declares that this assemblage is the nearest approach to a town meeting that New York City ever had; while another newspaper refers to this gathering as the usual “lunch-hour crowd.” Mayor Gaynor's candidacy is being taken most seriously by that element in New York which for respectability's sake does not care to be associated with Tammany, and yet, in fear of any policy that threatens business interests that are supported by political privilege, is straining every nerve to defeat the Fusion candidate, Mr. John Purroy Mitchel. Co-operating with that element are disinterested men who really believe that Mayor Gaynor is the best alternative to a Tammany Mayor. Mr. Gaynor, who was the Tammany candidate four years ago and was regarded as somewhat radical, is now the anti-Tammany candidate of a conservative element. His candidacy is generally regarded as likely to weaken the anti-Tammany movement and to improve the prospects of Mr. McCall, the Tammany candidate. Under these circumstances some of the more timid supporters of the Fusion ticket are still urging Mr. McAneny and Mr. Prendergast, Mr. Mitchel's colleagues on that ticket, to accept places on the Gaynor ticket if they are offered. Timidity never won a battle. Timidity has never been the characteristic of a sagacious politician. Timidity certainly has no part in the struggle against a predatory organization and on behalf of the people of a great city. With a parting shot at the Tam-

many politicians who refused him a renomination, Mayor Gaynor has gone abroad for a three weeks' vacation. In spite of his mordant language, Mayor Gaynor's action in entering the contest is by many considered the best service he could have rendered Tammany Hall. Those who believe in the Fusion programme and the Fusion ticket need to take counsel, not of their fears, but of their convictions. With reference to this campaign in New York The Outlook last week printed an article on the Fusion ticket; this week it prints a judicial but striking article by Mr. Everett P. Wheeler on Tammany Hall, which shows why that organization, in spite of the fact that it has had good men in its membership, has for years been regarded as a predatory body.



“Equal Rights” On the first of this month
in New York there went into effect in

New York State one of the most sweeping “equal rights” or anti-race discrimination laws on the statute-books of the several States. This law was aimed particularly at hotels and restaurants which have barred their doors to Hebrews and to Negroes, although the Chinese and other peoples that are unwelcome in some public places will profit equally with these two races from the enforcement of the law, if that proves to be possible. Under the old statute such a discrimination was a misdemeanor, but a Negro who was refused admission at a “white man's” barber shop, or a Chinese who was denied the privileges of a saloon frequented by whites, was obliged to prove actual damage received as the result of this discrimination in order to get redress in a civil action. Under the new law, however, the person discriminated against is, upon proof of such discrimination, to receive a sum of from one hundred to five hundred dollars from the person that infringed the statute, the size of the fine to be determined by the Court; and the culprit is also to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and subjected to a further fine of not less than one hundred and not more than five hundred dollars for every offense, or to imprisonment for a term of from thirty to ninety days, or to both fine and imprisonment. The law is as follows:

All persons within the jurisdiction of this State shall be entitled to the full and equal accommodations, advantages, and privileges of any place of public accommodation, resort, or amusement, subject only to the conditions and

limitations established by law and applicable alike to all persons. No person, being the owner, lessee, proprietor, manager, superintendent, agent, or employee of any such place, shall directly or indirectly refuse, withhold from, or deny to any person any of the accommodations, advantages, or privileges thereof, or directly or indirectly publish, circulate, issue, display, post, or mail any written or printed communication, notice, or advertisement, to the effect that any of the accommodations, advantages, and privileges of any such place shall be refused, withheld from, or denied to any person on account of race, creed, or color, or that the patronage or custom thereof, of any person belonging to or purporting to be of any particular race, creed, or color is unwelcome, objectionable, or not acceptable, desired, or solicited. The production of any such written or printed communication, notice, or advertisement, purporting to relate to any such place and to be made by any person being the owner, lessee, proprietor, superintendent, or manager thereof, shall be presumptive evidence in any civil or criminal action that the same was authorized by such person. A place of public accommodation, resort, or amusement within the meaning of this article, shall be deemed to include any inn, tavern, or hotel, whether conducted for the entertainment of transient guests, or for the accommodation of those seeking health, recreation, or rest, any restaurant, eating-house, public conveyance on land or water, bath-house, barber-shop, theater, and music hall. Nothing herein contained shall be construed to prohibit the mailing of a private communication in writing sent in response to a specific written inquiry.

What gives the law unusual force is the prohibition of all discriminatory advertising. It will be interesting to observe whether the refusal of a hotel clerk to grant an undesirable visitor accommodations on the time-worn excuse that "the house is full" will be held to constitute an "indirect refusal," and, in fact, whether a law so flatly opposed to certain strong prejudices will be capable of enforcement. It cannot be enforced unless it is supported by a strong public opinion, and it is questionable whether public opinion is yet definite enough on this question to reinforce so drastic a law.

Uniform State
Legislation

Commenting upon the failure of the House of Governors at their annual conferences to accomplish anything toward uniform State legislation, the New York "Times" recently suggested that for a House of Governors intent only upon "junketing or making political capital for themselves," there be substituted a House of Delegates, made up of experts charged with drawing up inter-State measures for the ratification of the States.

Such functions are precisely those of the Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, who, at their twenty-third annual conference at Montreal recently, reviewed encouraging progress made in the field of uniform legislation during the past year and blazed the way for further advance. The public's ignorance of the duties of the Commission, and even of its existence, such as is shown by the "Times's" comment, is one of the greatest difficulties encountered by that body. The Commissioners are appointed by the Governors of the different States, usually for five-year terms, to formulate uniform measures to be urged by them upon the Legislatures of their respective States. At first the path of progress was difficult, but during recent years there has been an increasing disposition upon the part of the State Legislatures to act upon the recommendations of this advisory body. The States are beginning to realize that the people are tiring of a situation of such confusion and disharmony that, for instance, a man may be a married man under the laws of one State, unmarried under the laws of another, and a bigamist under the laws of a third; and they are coming to realize that unless the States co-operate to secure legal conformity the people will look to the Federal Government for relief, an event that would foreshadow the withering of State power. There are now forty-six States and Territories that have adopted the Uniform Negotiable Instruments Act advocated by the Commissioners, and twenty-nine that have put upon their statute-books the Uniform Warehouse Receipts Act, while several have passed the Sales, Stock Transfer, and Bills of Lading Acts proposed by the Commission. Every State, Territory, and Federal possession of the United States is now represented by one or more Commissioners. Some of the subjects considered at the Montreal Conference, which immediately preceded the Conference of the American Bar Association, were, Banks and Banking, Vital and Penal Statistics, Child Labor, and Insurance. A Uniform Flag Law was adopted, prohibiting the use of the flag for advertising purposes, and a Uniform Workmen's Compensation Act was drawn up. The importance of securing uniform judicial decisions was dwelt upon by Mr. Charles Thaddeus Terry, President of the Commission, who suggested sending a tactful letter to the Supreme Court Justices of every State calling attention to the need of

conformity in interpreting the new laws. The Committee on Uniform State Laws of the American Bar Association at the convention of that body approved the Marriage Evasion Act of the Commissioners, and urged the Association to lend every effort to the Commissioners in their struggle for a consistent body of State legislation.

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Philadelphia: Is Philadelphia a better city
The Test to live in than before because of the Blankenburg reform administration? An emphatic affirmative is the answer that one would give after reading the pamphlet on "Some Achievements in Philadelphia's City Government since January, 1912," which has been prepared and circulated by the Civic Club of Philadelphia. This Club is a large non-partisan organization of women. Mrs. Owen Wister, wife of the distinguished novelist, was one of the founders of the Club, and last April was re-elected to the presidency. Her death on August 24 has been a loss to the citizenship of the city and the Nation; the greater loss just because her service to the city was given as that of a mother of a family. It was because she wanted her children to grow up in a healthful, wholesome community that she felt it was her duty to help bring about civic improvement there. That is the great motive that must lie behind any improvement in city government. It is to that object of making a city a healthful, wholesome community as an inheritance for the children who are to be its men and women that the government of the city should be administered; and it is by its approach to that object that every city government should be tested. How does the Blankenburg administration stand that test?

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Philadelphia: It has certainly done one thing
The Record that concerns intimately the happiness of the people—it has reduced the city's death rate. In 1912 there were in that growing city 1,647 fewer deaths than in 1911. That means that this administration has saved at least 1,647 lives. Not only was the general death rate the lowest in the history of the city; but the death rate from tuberculosis, from diphtheria, and from typhoid was the lowest on the city's records. "Ninety-two per cent of the saving of lives," says the Civic Club's statement, "was due to reduc-

tion in mortality from preventable diseases, such as typhoid, tuberculosis, and children's diseases;" and the report continues: "Sixty-six per cent of the saving was in children under five years of age." That is eminently worth while. Moreover, a clean city is better to live in than a dirty one—and the city of Philadelphia has been cleaning itself. By the so-called "clean-up week," in which there was remarkable co-operation between the Departments of Public Works, Public Safety, Health, and Charities, private associations, and the public, one hundred vacant lots were cleaned, railway property and rights of way cleared of rubbish, and 27,000 cubic yards of waste removed. Besides, the teachers have been asked to speak on the subject; and there have been campaigns against tuberculosis, against flies, rats, and mosquitoes, and there have been exhibits in health and baby-saving shows, all furthered by the city government. Of course these things and others that have been done are only a beginning. There remains a great deal to be accomplished in the direction of a modern social programme for the common welfare. In order to accomplish that there must, however, be money available; and money will not be available if there is waste and inefficiency in the government. That is where a policy of economy and efficiency closely concerns the people. It is here that the Blankenburg administration has made a general improvement that is noteworthy. No longer are contracts given out lavishly. Indeed, the city government has succeeded in actually canceling unnecessary or extravagant contracts. It has reduced the water waste—in West Philadelphia the reduction has amounted to nearly one-quarter. In the work of the Bureau of Gas and Lighting there is two-thirds more work done than before. By the simple expedient of changing flat-flame gas burners to mantle burners the gas illumination of the city has been practically doubled. With a new need for more work on the part of the Civil Service Commission because of new emphasis on the merit system, there has been need for more work by the Civil Service Commission; but while the force of that Department has been increased fifty per cent, the work has been increased two hundred per cent. The Police and Fire Departments have been taken out of politics. No longer does a policeman take home a pay envelope from which political assessments have been deducted. The pay envelope he now takes home is full. A

new spirit is evident in the police. There is a school of instruction for policemen. There is a Patrolman's Manual. There are no longer merely oral instructions issued, which could be easily forgotten or misinterpreted, but all orders and "alarms" (including descriptions of persons wanted for arrest) are issued in printed form. Some of these things seem elementary. That is because elementary improvements were needed. So one might go on. Every one of these achievements makes for a more wholesome city.



Philadelphia: The Programme

All these changes form only a part of the general improvement made during the Blankenburg administration. In the aggregate these changes constitute, indeed, what might fairly be termed a revolution. The city that once was called "corrupt and contented" is now under a government that is both honest and forward-looking. No one item in the list of reforms, not even the sum total of all the items, is the significant element in the change that has come about in Philadelphia. The significant element is the new frame of mind in the people of the city, the new attitude they are taking toward municipal government. With the clearing of the atmosphere in the business offices in the city public buildings, a woman of refinement can now, without seeming rash, appear in person to pay her taxes or make inquiries. Such an experience as that is productive of a new frame of mind. The conservative business man in Philadelphia is also in a new frame of mind; for he no longer thinks it necessary to condone corruption and plunder by voting the organization local ticket in order to preserve the tariff. This conservative business man may not be an avowed supporter of Mayor Blankenburg, but he no longer has confidence in the machine. That of itself indicates how thoroughgoing a change in public sentiment has been brought about by the Blankenburg administration. Furthermore, the Blankenburg administration has helped to persuade Philadelphians that it is possible to combine political sagacity with rugged honesty and courage. There have been many brave and honest reformers; there have been many astute politicians; but too often the politicians have not been either brave or honest, and the reformers not astute. It is a real achievement to have combined a degree of

political wisdom with courageous and honest administration. Best of all, while the Blankenburg administration has done much to make Philadelphia no longer corrupt, it has also helped to make Philadelphia no longer contented. The people of the city are beginning to look toward the future with some planning for further improvement. The Civic Club of Philadelphia prints on the back of its statement of achievements to which we have referred a "non-partisan business platform" for the future development of the city. Besides such general planks as "The city government for the citizens by the citizens," and "Economy and efficiency in the public service," this platform proposes a "comprehensive financial policy," with specifications, a definite and itemized plan for the reform of the legislative branch of the city, called Councils, a plan for furthering the merit system, a plan for the development of transportation facilities, and a social programme with various items relating to recreation facilities, the care of dependents, the treatment of criminals, the elimination of vice, and the safeguarding of public health. One interesting fact comes out in connection with the proposed financial policy. In recommending the adoption of the New York system of property assessment, the Civic Club explains that the President of the Board of Tax Commissioners of New York City, Mr. Lawson Purdy, "has stated that one of his experts will be available" to install the New York system in Philadelphia, and the Philadelphia Board of the Revision of Taxes has signified its willingness if the necessary money is provided. This example of co-operation between cities ought to be followed extensively. Only a few years ago the opinion prevailed that municipal government was one of the almost insoluble problems of popular self-government in America. The Blankenburg administration in Philadelphia is one of the numerous signs that this opinion is already reversed, and that Americans are undertaking to make their cities witnesses to the fact that self-government can be made the best possible government.



A Modern Vigilance Committee

"Direct Action" is a term that has been used often to describe certain features of the programme of radical labor organizations, but it perhaps is fully as applicable to a spontaneous co-operative movement of citizens bent upon promoting

the public welfare by their own efforts. The formation of a modern vigilance committee by residents of New York's East Side to rid the community of gangsters, gunmen, petty grafters, and other undesirables is a form of direct action productive of peace and order in place of the chaos that usually follows such action in industrial disputes. The genesis of this movement in New York lay in the existence of the same conditions there that brought about the organizations of the Vigilantes in the old frontier days—namely, the prevalence of lawlessness and the apparent inability of the properly constituted authorities to suppress it. When the East Side Neighborhood Association was formed, less than a year ago, the exposures following the Rosenthal murder case had brought home to many citizens on the East Side the realization that the organized bands of lawbreakers that flourished in that part of the city could be broken up only by a united stand upon the part of the entire body of decent residents, and in particular by the merchants and small shopkeepers who paid toll to the gangsters through fear of the consequences if they refused. Mass-meetings were held, and a civic army of eight hundred was recruited from men and women of various races and creeds. The first move was against bands of horse-poisoners that had grown rich on blackmail. Horse-poisoning was then rife on the East Side; to-day, ten months later, it is so rare that it is listed on police blotters under the head of "unusual occurrences." Other evils that the Association has greatly reduced are tenement-house prostitution, gambling, the instruction of children in crime by accomplished fagins, and dance-hall violations of excise laws. The elimination of the gangsters, the "bad men" of the city, is still far from consummation; but much has been done toward uniting in resistance the shopkeepers, whose payments of blackmail enable these banditti to subsist. Dr. Henry Moskowitz, President of the Association, thinks that the gangster is a symptom of chaotic immigrant life. The difficulty of combating him is increased by the fact that the average East Sider is a transient and has little interest in the neighborhood, which he leaves as soon as he has accumulated a little money. It is certain, however, that the evils of a community can be controlled to a large extent by the combined efforts of the better elements of the population; and if such elements in cities that have the gang problem attack it with

common-sense methods, the time may not be far distant when gunmen will be as rare in our cities as pirates have become along our coasts.

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Our New Mother—
the Government

Any mother understanding English who wishes to be told in simple language what every mother ought to know in preparation for the birth of her child can have the information by simply writing and mailing a letter, as follows:

*Chief of the Children's Bureau,
U. S. Department of Labor,
Washington, D. C.:*

Dear Madam—Please send me a copy of the monograph on "Prenatal Care," Care of Children Series No. 1, Bureau Publication No. 4.

Very truly yours,

and signing her name, with address. This pamphlet, prepared by Mrs. Max West, under the direction of Miss Julia C. Lathrop, Chief of the Bureau, alone is enough to justify the law passed a little over a year ago establishing in the Federal Government a Children's Bureau. If it is circulated and read as it ought to be, an uncountable number of children who would otherwise die will live, and an uncountable number of children who would otherwise be unhappy and unfitted for life because sickly or diseased will be healthy, happy, and vigorous. In this pamphlet the Government has made a beginning of doing for the children of the country what it has done superbly for the country's crops and herds. Through the Department of Agriculture the Government has acted as a volunteer expert farm counselor or consulting farmer. Through the Children's Bureau the Government is now undertaking to act as a sort of expert home-counselor or Consulting Mother. And, whatever one may think of paternalism in government, no one can examine this pamphlet without welcoming most heartily this form of governmental maternalism. The pamphlet might well be called "When a Child is Born." It does not, of course, take the place of physician or nurse, but, on the contrary, enables the mother to co-operate intelligently with both physician and nurse. It starts by telling the mother what are the signs that will inform her that a child is coming to her, and it closes by telling her what she should eat and drink while she is nursing her baby. In between it tells about what should normally be done during pregnancy, what preparations should be made for

the period of confinement, what is a sensible outfit for the expected baby, what precautions should be taken for the baby's birth, what may usually be expected at the time of the birth, what should be done in emergencies, how the new-born baby should be cared for, and what the mother should do while lying-in. There is no reason that is not founded purely on conventions why this pamphlet should not be read by young girls, and very good reason why it should be. Of course no father who is worthy of the name can fail to benefit by such information as is contained in this pamphlet—the knowledge of what has to be undergone by the mother of his children. The wide circulation of this pamphlet can also serve a useful purpose in giving the American people a definite idea, at least in part, of what the Children's Bureau really is, and how intimately this new arm of the Government concerns the lives of the people themselves. During the period when the bill creating the Bureau was under debate one eminent official high in the Federal Government persisted in calling it the Child Labor Bureau, as if it was to be devoted to the consideration solely of children in factories. Important as that aspect in the life of children in America is, it is fortunately only one aspect. The Bureau has to do with all the children of America. That the children need the help that such a Bureau can give is evident from some of the facts stated in the preface of this pamphlet—that “slightly more than 42 per cent of the infants dying under one year of age in the registration area in 1911 did not live to complete the first month of life, and that of this 42 per cent almost seven-tenths died as a result of conditions existing before they were born or of injury and accident at birth.” Such facts, established by the latest reports of the Bureau of the Census, afford ample reason why the new Children's Bureau should undertake the preparation of a series of monographs on the care of children, and why it should begin that series by a pamphlet on care before birth. The existence and availability of this pamphlet should be known to all physicians and nurses, as well as to all mothers.



Government Ownership of Freight Cars

One reason for the cost of living is the cost of transportation. A great deal of that cost at present is created by the waste in transportation. There

is perhaps no factor in that waste so great as the failure of goods to get to market when they are needed. But goods cannot get to market when they are needed if there is nothing to carry them in. Every year there is a great loss due to the fact that, while there are freight cars at points where there is no freight, there are no freight cars at the points where there is freight. Thus it happens that there is an enormous number of idle freight cars in various parts of the country at the very time when shippers sorely need freight cars for the transportation of their goods. These idle cars, moreover, not only cause a waste in the freight, but tie up uselessly a great deal of capital that might be expended to the advantage of the whole people. This lack of proper distribution of freight cars is a serious evil whose consequences are felt by railways, by shippers, and by the general public. Mr. J. Garrett Hill, who is commercial agent of the Queen and Crescent Route, and is therefore not by any means a mere theorist, proposes in an article in the current number of “Everybody's Magazine” a remedy for this state of affairs. It is Government ownership, not of the railways themselves, but of their freight equipment and of the freight storage yards. The cars would thus belong to all the people. There could be no discrimination by the railway in furnishing one shipper with cars and denying them to another. There would be no reason why a car should go anywhere except for the reason for which it was built—to carry freight. The purchase of these cars by the Government would give the railways needed capital for improvements. At the same time, the net income which the Government would obtain from the railways for the use of its cars would be a very high percentage on its investment of three billion dollars, namely, four hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year. The reason why the Government as well as the railways would profit financially—not to mention in this connection the advantage to the shipper and to the public—is that the central ownership of these cars would save an immense waste, and a correspondingly immense saving would accrue to the benefit of all concerned. Mr. Hill points out that this plan would not affect in any way the present regulation of the railways by the Inter-State Commerce Commission; that it would not affect the present officers and employees of the railways; that it would not change existing freight rates; that it would not affect the ownership of the

other properties of the railways; and that it would affect the present railway earnings only by increasing them. Mr. Hill's proposition is very reasonable, and it is hard to find any objection which he apparently has not considered and met in advance. It ought certainly to be discussed seriously.

The Bootblack Slave

The recent strike of eighty Greek bootblacks in Minneapolis has called attention to the evils of the padrone system which controls the industry in practically every American city of ten thousand inhabitants. These boys showed a hopeful sign of Americanization in their demand for a shorter laboring day in order that they might have time to attend evening school. It were well for their fellows in other cities if they, too, might rebel against the padrone who has found America a profitable field for the enslaving of the unfortunate lads whose parents have been persuaded to sell a child's freedom for a steamship ticket and a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars a year. Coming from a country in which workmen have little idea of their rights, admonished by his parents to obey the "kind master" who is to supply food, lodging, and clothes in addition to wages, the immigrant boy of this type is held in complete subjection for at least two or three years after his arrival. He knows nothing of American laws, and is forbidden to talk about himself or his master. He is constantly watched by the padrone or his spies, and believes that only their protection saves him from the clutches of the inhuman truant officer or policeman. Rebellion would be unthinkable. Yet he works every day in the year from seven in the morning until nine or ten at night, after which he seeks his often distant lodging, where he cooks his meager supper from the food supplied. Then he washes his numerous cleaning cloths, and wearily tumbles into a dirty bed, which is shared by two or three others. Eating insufficient food, sleeping in a crowded, airtight room, wearing inadequate clothing in an unaccustomed climate, and often walking long distances to their work, these little victims of greed seldom have the spirit, to say nothing of the opportunity, for rebellion. They are deadened mentally and physically by their mode of life. Small wonder that they frequently contract tuberculosis, when they bend all day over dusty shoes, breathing in dust and the chemicals used in their work.

The Greek physicians and Consul at Chicago, the center of the trade in Greek boys, knew whereof they spoke when they suggested to the Immigration Commission in 1910 that it would be "more humane and infinitely better for young Greeks to be refused admission into the United States than to be permitted to land if they are intended for such employment." Yet the only means the immigration officials have had in the past for carrying out that recommendation was the provision of the Immigration Act of 1907 which empowered the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to debar children under sixteen unaccompanied by one or both parents. While this Act has curtailed the importation of virtual slaves from Greece, it has not been wholly equal to the ingenuity that brings them in with pseudo-parents, or with parents whose sole mission is to sell their children and then return to Greece. It is to be hoped that the present Administration will find some way of putting an end to this most infamous traffic in Greek boys; that our city officials will make it unnecessary for them to strike in order to obtain the education necessary for the making of good American citizens.

A Japanese Lecturer at Harvard

The latest and one of the most interesting exchange professorships, a revival of a practice which began in the Orient centuries ago, has been established in Harvard University by the co-operation of friends in Japan and in this country. A Fund has been secured which will make it possible to send some one from Japan to Cambridge each year for the next five years, and by that time it is hoped that the arrangement will be made permanent. The choice of the first Japanese scholar for this service could not have been more wisely directed. Professor Masaharu Anesaki, who is now on his way to this country, is a man of the highest character, of thorough scholarship, and of personal distinction, who will admirably represent the universities of Japan. He was born in the ancient Imperial City of Kyoto, spent his school days there, was a student in the Imperial University of Tokyo from 1893 to 1896, and pursued further courses in the universities of Kiel, Berlin, and Leipsic, and in the British Museum. Dr. Anesaki has made the journey around the world, and has traveled extensively in India. He fills the professorship of Comparative Religions in the University of Tokyo, and, although still

a young man, is the author of a long list of works in Japanese, English, and French, dealing with Oriental religions, especially with Buddhism. His lectures at Harvard, beginning late in September, will be thirty in number and will discuss the "Religious and Moral Development of Japan, with References to Arts and Literature." Dr. Anesaki will trace the relations of Japanese religious and philosophical thought with the thought of India and China, and will give a series of lectures introductory to the study of Japanese poetry. This exchange professorship, it will be noted, is local and must not be confused with the exchange professorship on the Carnegie Endowment, which, although addressed primarily to university audiences, has a wider appeal and is an endeavor to interpret the spirit, history, and institutions of the two countries rather than to deal with special phases of thought. No appointment for this professorship, so admirably filled by Dr. Nitobé two years ago, has yet been announced. At this time, when knowledge of the Japanese people is so necessary and so limited in this country, this appointment will be awaited with great interest.

The MacDowell Choral Club

In Peterboro, New Hampshire (which spells itself Peterborough, in spots), the MacDowell Choral Club held, on August 21, 22, 23, and 24, its fourth Music Festival. The outgrowth of a suggestion of Edward MacDowell that American villages were as artistic in feeling as those of Europe and could do as much with equal training, the Club began its work four years ago with forty or fifty voices. It now numbers seventy-five, and, with the assistance of the Boston Festival Orchestra and soloists from various cities, attracts a large number of people to its yearly series of concerts. Moreover, the Festival has developed into an opportunity for American dramatists and composers to present, without expense to themselves, works found worthy by a chosen committee. Several stars of considerable magnitude have arisen from this little stage among the pine trees. This year five American composers conducted the presentation of their own work. There were five concerts, offering wide range of interest. The final one, late Sunday afternoon, was particularly impressive. The programme included Dubois's

"Seven Last Words of Christ," MacDowell's "A.D. 1620," and selections from his Indian Suite; solos from Mendelssohn's oratorio "St. Paul" and Gounod's "Gallia." No applause was permitted. Beyond the stage the pines open for a vista of hills to Mount Monadnock, growing more beautiful toward the sunset. The whole left an impression of singular beauty and dignity. The Festival is artistically an established success. Financially the outcome is always uncertain. The responsibility falls too heavily upon the President, Mrs. MacDowell, and the future of the Festival depends entirely upon the willingness of others to guarantee the possible deficit. In the interest of music in America there should be hearty support for an enterprise which has accomplished so much and promises so much more. The American people should not fail to recognize every effort to provide education and opportunity for the development of latent musical talent.



A Year of Immigration

Accepting the rate of flow of immigration as an indication of the industrial activity of the country, the last year has been a very busy one. The immigration figures for the fiscal year ending June 30, recently made public by the Commissioner-General of Immigration, show that it ranked next to the record year of 1906-7, when 1,285,349 passed the gates. The total for last year was 1,197,892, as compared with 838,172 for the previous year. Not only was there an increase in arrivals, but an absolute decrease in departures. In 1911-12 the number of departing aliens was approximately two-fifths of the arrivals. Last year it was only one-quarter, a remarkably low proportion, for the average is nearer one-third. This means a marked addition to our alien population. There were some notable changes in the character of the stream. Never in one year before have so many Slavs entered the country. The total was 388,968, as compared with 362,193 in 1906-7, the previous high-water mark. The chief contributors to this increase were Poles, of whom 174,365 were admitted, the largest previous number being 138,033 in 1906-7. The emigration from Austrian Poland was so great that the Governor of the province took the remarkable step recently of ordering the police to arrest all male persons, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-six, and liable for military service, who at-

tempted to leave the country, and send them to their homes. The Russians numbered 51,472, a number greater by 20,000 than has ever knocked at our gates before. Apparently Russians are to continue to come in growing numbers, for their yearly totals show a steady and rapid increase. Ruthenians came in larger numbers than ever before. Of the South Italians there were 231,613, an increase of approximately 96,000 over the previous year's arrivals and a total exceeded only twice in the history of American immigration. New levels were reached by Armenians, Dutch and Flemish, Syrians, and Portuguese. It is of interest to note that the numbers of Bulgarians, Servians, and Montenegrins fell off, while the Greeks maintained their average despite the war in the Balkans.

Deportation In view of the plan introduced into the amended Dillingham Bill of limiting the annual immigration of the different races to a given percentage of their numbers already here, which the restrictionists hope would tend to replace the immigration from eastern and southern Europe with a greater flow from northwestern Europe, it is of interest to note which groups furnished the most undesirable immigrants as indicated by the deportations. The Greeks led in this respect, and were followed in order by the French, English, South Italians, Irish, Russians, Hebrews, North Italians, Germans, Poles, Magyars, and Slovaks. The percentage of deportations was highest in the group from northwestern Europe, being 1.47, as compared with 1.36 for the Italians, 1.20 for the Hebrews, 1.14 for the Slavs, and .84 for the Magyars—the Greeks, taken by themselves, leading with 3.23. This would suggest that the northwest, particularly England, is not sending its best stock, or it may be a sign of the deterioration in the English people which some eugenisists think is taking place. The question is, Would the reduction of competition—if there is competition—with central, southern, and eastern European emigration stimulate the emigration of a better stock from the northwest? As it is laborers who are chiefly needed, it is doubtful. Although approximately five hundred thousand peasants and other types of farm labor, in addition to many classified simply as laborers, have landed on our shores in the course of the last two years, and comparatively few of

the former have left again, never before were so high wages paid to unskilled labor.

Birthday Celebration of a Russian Author

Few literary artists have ever received such a tribute of respect, admiration, and love as that which was recently given by the Russian people to the novelist and publicist Vladimir Korolenko on the sixtieth anniversary of his birth. Profound respect and warm affection have been shown to many Russian authors—particularly Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy—when they lay dead in their coffins; but few living writers have ever felt the heart of a great nation beating so warmly against their own while they were yet in the full maturity of their powers. Korolenko began his literary career at the age of thirty, while he was undergoing punishment as a political criminal in the far-away Siberian wilderness of Yakutsk. At that time he had written only one story ("Episodes in the Life of a Seeker"), and few Russians had even so much as heard his name; but when he returned from Siberia, after three years of exile, and wrote "The Dream of Makara," he attracted at once the attention of discriminating readers; and after the publication of "Bad Company," "The Forest Murmurs," and "The Blind Musician" he became generally recognized as one of the most talented literary artists of his generation. He is now known to every intelligent Russian from the White Sea to the Caspian, and from Poland to the Pacific. It was not, however, by literary talent alone that Korolenko won the admiration and affection of the Russian people. The flood of telegrams that poured in upon him from all parts of the Empire on his sixtieth birthday was a spontaneous tribute to the character of the man, as well as an expression of admiration for the work of the artist.

Tributes from many Sources

The Mohammedans of Tiflis, the Jews of Poltava, the merchants' clerks of Cheliabinsk, the hospital nurses of Sivoritsk, the railway men of Riazan, and the common peasants of the Group of Toil may not have been qualified by birth or education fully to appreciate the delicacy and charm of Korolenko's art, but all were able to see and recognize the courage, the warm human sympathy, the public spirit, and the passion-

ate love of justice which made the author throughout his career an indefatigable worker in all good causes, and a champion of the wronged and oppressed in all classes and all nationalities. The Mohammedans of Tiflis, for example, telegraphed him: "Our warmest greetings and best wishes to the author who is dear to us. We do not forget his article on 'The Cross and the Crescent.'" The Jews of Zhitomir telegraphed: "Our greetings and congratulations to the distinguished literary artist and the public-spirited citizen, whose crystal-clear soul seeks justice always." The peasants of the Group of Toil sent greetings to "the artist and the lover of righteousness, who, by poetic charm of diction and passionate speech as a tribune of the people, has touched the best and deepest feelings of our hearts." A mere list of the societies, nationalities, and groups of people that sent affectionate greetings to the talented author on his sixtieth birthday would fill half the pages in this number of *The Outlook*. They came not only from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the National Literary Association, and the Russian Literary Fund, but from perhaps a hundred newspapers and magazines, as well as from libraries, provincial assemblies, consumers' leagues, anti-tuberculosis societies, bar associations, scientific bodies, societies of fine arts, railway employees, associations of surgeons, and organized groups of people in all parts of the Empire. Even the exiles in Siberia sent telegrams of congratulation from Yakutsk, Kirensk, Ust Kut, and many other remote places of banishment which are hardly known to the civilized world even by name.



A Hostile Government Almost the only organizations that failed to participate in this national tribute to Korolenko were the Government and the "Black Hundreds." The Government has been hostile to him always. It sent him into exile three times while he was still a young man; and after he became the editor of the influential review "Russian Wealth," in 1895, it hampered his social and literary activity by repressive administrative measures of almost every possible kind. As recently as 1912 it sentenced him to a term of imprisonment for publishing an article by S. Y. Elpatevsky entitled "People of Our Circle," and even on his birthday it prohibited public lectures on his life, art, and career in the principal cities of

the Empire. Foreigners sometimes ask why Russia has recently failed to produce literary artists to take the places of Dostoyevsky, Turgenev, and Tolstoy. It is partly because the Government, by means of imprisonment and exile, wrecks the lives of so many young men who give promise of literary achievement. Dostoyevsky and Korolenko happened to survive and to fulfill the promise of their early manhood; but both might have died in prison without writing any of the books that have given them their fame. Scores of young Russian authors have so died without ever coming to the maturity of their powers.



WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

It is puerile and fatuous, when such a railway horror takes place as that of last week on the New Haven road near Wallingford, Connecticut, in which twenty-one persons were killed, for the railway company to lay the blame on this or that individual employee. It is equally puerile for lawmakers, and for the Nation which chooses the lawmakers, to expect the railways to move faster in the direction of safety than the law directs. All railway history shows this. Thus it was with extreme slowness that patent couplers and air-brakes were introduced. The railways perfectly saw the desirability even from their own point of view, but held back to save money, hoping to introduce the new apparatus only as the old wore out. If we remember rightly, it became necessary to pass laws ordering that the new appliances should be installed within a given time, and even then the railways came back to the authorities begging for more time. One practical result of the tragedy of last week should be legislation compelling the railways and the Pullman Company to provide steel cars and modern signal equipment within a fixed time. The Inter-State Commerce Commission proposes to hold a perfectly open and thorough investigation with the view of suggesting Congressional legislation of a practical kind. Mr. McChord, who will conduct this inquiry on behalf of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, illustrated what he thought was needed by saying that under such a law the Inter-State Commerce Commission could say, for instance, to the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad:

You are running very fast, heavy trains with intervals of seven or eight minutes between

them. That is too dangerous when wooden cars are used. Trains of this class must be run further apart, perhaps at twelve or fifteen or twenty minute intervals, as we should determine necessary after investigation. Also the speed of these trains must be brought down to a safe point, so long as wooden cars remain in the service.

The large lesson of this disaster is that already emphasized over and over again in *The Outlook*: Above all other corporations those dealing with human life and public safety should be, as to those conditions, even more than as to financial conditions, subject to National control. Theoretically this is recognized everywhere as regards railways; practically, as the accident history of the New Haven railway demonstrates beyond question, the scope and power of National control through the Inter-State Commerce Commission should be enlarged and defined. As Mr. Roosevelt pointed out in his editorial "The Living Wage and the Living Rate," railway freight and passenger charges should be allowed to increase if necessary to meet decent wages, good service, and modern equipment.

Returning to the question of the responsibility of the railway itself, common intelligence will reject a series of special apologies framed to explain a series of fourteen fatal wrecks on one road in about two years, with a list of seventy-one killed and four hundred injured. It is too obvious to require argument that such a record means the existence of bad discipline, bad organization, bad division of responsibility, and bad equipment. The road had been warned by the Inter-State Commerce Commission to replace its wooden cars on fast passenger trains by steel cars; but its progress in this direction was like that of a snail—a fault shared equally, apparently, by the Pullman Company. The signal system was bad in spots—and a railway, like a chain, is no stronger than its weakest point. It is announced that the company was planning changes; but meanwhile lives are lost. The general consensus of public opinion—just in the essentials we believe, although perhaps not just in every detail—holds that this railway company has been exhausting its money, its energy, and its force in the dream of a New England Railway Empire. This is the sort of policy that tends to pauperize stockholders and decimate passengers. To spend hundreds of millions for steamboat routes and trolley lines and railway systems, and to maintain inadequate signals because of

poverty, is beyond condemnation. As well might a man buy a \$5,000 automobile, and refuse to buy shoes for his children. Here is a sentence from a newspaper interview held with Vice-President Whaley, of the New Haven Railway:

The new system, which the line hopes to have working on this line by January 1, however, will set danger signals at the second signal tower preceding instead of at one immediately preceding, thus always leaving one open block between two trains.

In its essence this is the most damning admission any road could make. The engineer of the White Mountain Express which crashed into the Bar Harbor Express in the fog declared, in effect, that everything flashed upon him at one moment—the light of the signal, the sound of the torpedoes which had been set, the sight of the rear brakeman from the preceding train, and the rear of the train itself. This is both explanatory and condemnatory. Under any—we will not say modern, but under any decent—system of railway in existence the world over, a *permissive* signal does not appear at the beginning of a section in which there is already a train. Mr. Whaley, in the quotation above, admits that the present system of the road does not leave one block clear. We doubt if any other large railway system in the country would admit that it protected by permissive signal only a block through which a train was passing. In this instance the train already in the block was barely over the line at the beginning of the block, so that, if we rightly understand the facts, the engineer of the second train had before him a permissive or cautionary signal, and only a very short distance beyond this a train stood still on the track.

The mere existence of such a condition as this proves beyond quibble the necessity of responsible control of safety conditions on railways. This particular railway has just passed under the direction of a new President, Mr. Howard Elliott. The news of the wreck greeted him as he first entered his office as President. No one, of course, can hold him responsible for the condition in which he found his road; but unless we are greatly mistaken in the character and purpose of the new President of the road, he, more than any other man, will realize the necessity for root and branch work in reorganization, discipline, and ample expenditure to save life.

Railway officials are wont to lay the blame

for their failures in this direction upon the cramping interference of the unions; but nothing is surer than that the public law and the Nation will support any railway against union tyranny, if such there be, when it comes to a question of making impossible such heartrending calamities as that which last week stirred the people to indignation.



LIFE INSURANCE AND THE PEOPLE

Life Insurance is a form of business which involves great social benefit and great social responsibility. No better confirmation of the truth of this statement can be found than in the official attitude of two of the foremost civilized nations of the world towards Life Insurance. Both Germany and Great Britain, by making certain forms of Life Insurance compulsory, have recognized the power of Life Insurance to promote social welfare and national stability. Whatever is done by expert and intelligent men in this country to promote a knowledge among the people of the sound principles of Life Insurance is a public service.

For this reason the convention at Atlantic City next week of the National Association of Life Underwriters may easily be, and we hope it will be, one of the important conferences of the summer season. A well-known member of that Association, Mr. Warren M. Horner, a writer of recognized experience on insurance topics, informs us that the National Association of Life Underwriters has recently organized a Bureau of Education and Conservation for the dissemination of non-partisan information of fact and interest to the public on insurance matters in general. "This Bureau," says Mr. Horner, "will co-operate with institutions of learning, public and private, to promote insurance education better fitting the younger generation to buy Life Insurance intelligently or to engage in the business as a vocation. This Bureau is an institutional movement prompted by legitimate practical business motives and an altruistic desire on the part of the leading agents of the country to render more efficient service to the public at large, and create a better spirit of understanding between the people on one side and Life Insurance on the other."

If this Bureau fulfills the function thus outlined by Mr. Horner, if its animating

spirit is not to garner more premiums or write a greater volume of Life Insurance, but to *insure*—we purposely lay emphasis on the word *insure*—more people against the privations of death or of old age, it will perform a great and useful work.

Life Insurance has been far from properly understood in its economic and beneficent relation to the people. It is one of the greatest agencies in the conservation of human life, for the broad-minded and the properly educated insurance man is of necessity profoundly interested in the establishing of adequate safeguards against accidents and in the prevention of disease. The public, and we regret to say too many insurance agents, have not sufficiently understood that an individual on his physical and material side is a machine, and a frail one at that, and as such has a definite but perishable value, which must be sustained and protected during the period of activity, and which must be insured against loss by death or wearing out in old age.

Too small a percentage of life insurance agents themselves recognize that they are called to a work of large import and have the opportunity of rendering a great service to humanity. A life insurance agent who does not understand the economic application of what he is doing and rise to its professional attainment is a positive detriment to a community. We have the authority of Mr. Horner himself for saying that the life insurance companies "are as babes in the wood in the method of training and appointing agents." The States are equally lax and unscientific in licensing the agents that the companies appoint. The proper and adequate purchase of a life insurance policy calls for a professional service personally rendered by a trained individual possessing integrity and intelligence of the highest order.

Life Insurance, it follows from the foregoing, is a public, or, at any rate, a semi-public, utility. But it can be carried on by private initiative, energy, and administration under Government regulation better than by Government ownership and operation. In other words, the relation of the Government to Life Insurance should be analogous to its relation to the railways.

If the principle of Government regulation as opposed to Government operation of Life Insurance is accepted, insurance managers and insurance policy-holders should agree on certain features of the business which are

subject to Government regulation and should unite in seeing that the regulation is just and efficient. We suggest the following as some of the features properly subject to Government regulation:

Security. Life Insurance which is not secure is not Life Insurance at all. The Government must see that it is secure just as it must see that the block signals, patent couplings, and safety devices on the railway are secure.

Skilled Operation. No matter how well intentioned actuaries, medical examiners, treasurers of the funds, and agents may be, if they are badly trained or lacking in knowledge they will produce wrecks. Some form of examination and license by the Government to maintain certain standards of skill are necessary.

Cost. However secure and skillful Life Insurance may be, unwise or unfair management will make it prohibitive to the man of small means, who is the very man of all who needs Life Insurance. The Government should have some supervision over the percentage of receipts from policy-holders which is devoted to administrative expenses. This will prevent the excessive commissions which are chiefly due to unwise competition, excessive salaries, and other forms of extravagance. We should much prefer this to the attempt to limit the amount of business which any one company may do. Bigness is not a necessary element of badness.

Investments. Insurance in both mutual and stock companies is made possible only by the wise and proper investment of the policy-holders' money. The regulation of the investment of insurance funds should be as strict and as rigorous as the regulation of savings bank investments. Law and custom have made it impossible for savings bank trustees to use the funds in their charge, either directly or indirectly, for their own pecuniary benefit. The same thing cannot be said of life insurance companies in the immediate past. Insurance men themselves should see to it that it can always be said of them in the near future.

Simplicity. Life insurance policies are too often so complicated in their terms, provisions, and variations that the average man cannot easily understand them. All life insurance funds in companies of every kind, after a reasonable amount has been paid to those who conduct the business or to those who have provided the necessary capital,

belong to the insured. Government regulation should provide that the contract between the company and the policy-holder is so simple and definite that the policy-holder is as sure of getting his money back as is the depositor in the savings bank.

Taxation. The tax on Life Insurance should be as light as possible. Regulation does not mean vexation. It should not harass insurance managers. It should aid them. The object of regulation is to enable the policy-holder to obtain the largest reasonable return for his investment. This will not be accomplished by unfriendly legislation.

We hope that the new Bureau of Education and Conservation established by the Life Underwriters will enlighten the public as well as the companies on such questions as we have here endeavored to present. In doing so it will serve the interests of both the insurers and the insured.

In conclusion, we quote again from Mr. Horner: "There is a legitimate community of interest between the people and Life Insurance, and this relation should be promoted and understood, and cemented by a spirit of amity and co-operation."



AN OMINOUS SIGN OF THE TIMES

For a long time many of the plays put on the stage in some of the leading theaters approached, step by step, the line of indecency, and have now boldly crossed it, until the contemporary play has made the early ballet plays of a generation ago seem the diversions of a rustic community. There is great confusion of ideas as regards morality in fiction and plays, and books that are whitened sepulchers lie on tables from which stories that deal frankly with immoral situations, but with a high seriousness of spirit and with reverence for the sanctities of life, are banished. Good women who must know something of life will read novels which are rotten to the core so long as they are respectable in language, but will shudder if a story of the moral vigor and intensity of "Anna Karénina" is put into their hands. The early stories of George Sand, which are frankly passionate, are less insidiously relaxing than some American novels which are printed in magazines that claim to be decent and bear the imprint of respectable publishers. The viciousness of these stories

lies not in the fact that they deal with sex relations—much of the noblest literature in the world deals with those relations and will deal with them so long as the appalling tragedies which crowd the columns of the newspapers grow out of them; it lies in the fact that they deal with these tremendous forces in human life for purposes of trade. They are suggestive where “Adam Bede,” “The Scarlet Letter,” “The Awakening of Helena Richie,” are nobly frank; they are relaxing, debilitating, dangerously stimulating, where stories as distasteful to the inherited American sense of reticence as “Nana” or “Madame Bovary” have the tonic quality of making vice as repulsive in fiction as it is in reality.

It cannot be said too often or too plainly that a “fast” woman, no matter how carefully she refrains from taking the last logical step or how prominent her social position, is inevitably a vulgar woman, and that the so-called “fast set” is always near the edge of moral tragedy and of public scandal. It is not solely a question of degree; it is also a question of direction. The woman who plays with passion is on the same path with the “most tragic figure in history” whom she passes with her skirts drawn about her; they are both unclean—the difference between them is not one of kind but of degree. The men who deal with sex problems on the stage or in fiction, not because these problems open up the abysses of human life, but because they appeal to physical instincts and fill theaters and sell editions, are more respectable in station than the owners of houses of ill fame, but they are in the same business; they are one and all panders, and there is no more infamous class or occupation.

The talk about “art for art’s sake,” “truth to life,” “daring to face the facts,” is pure hypocrisy in the case of men and women who exploit passion for business purposes; nobody is confused by the sophistry which puts the Pompeian frescoes in the same category with the Venus of Milo. When the differences between the art that deals boldly and nobly with sins of passion and the exploitation of passion are distinct, no one is misled; but the mischief lies in the fact that they are not always distinct; in place of the frank indecency of the Roman picture a veil is interposed which does not conceal, a garment of respectability which heightens the immorality by substituting sug-

gestion for revelation. One of the most shameless plays on the foreign stage of late years does not use an indecent word; but it assumes a manner of life which belongs to the beasts of the field.

The most demoralizing offense of some magazines and newspapers is the exploitation of woman on the physical side, the growing use of half-clothed figures. The emphasis on the physical grows more emphatic and audacious, and its object is unmistakable: semi-nakedness is exploited for business purposes; it is a bid for the support of a class in the community who are attracted by indecency so long as indulgence in that taste does not jeopardize their standing as respectable people. What makes the increasing audacity in the use of the semi-naked ominous is its appearance in newspapers and magazines which regard themselves and are regarded by their readers as responsible and respectable publications. Formerly this kind of illustration was confined to semi-obscene journals. If those journals had increased in number, it would have been an ominous sign of lowered moral standards, but the appearance of these illustrations in publications widely read by respectable readers and taken in respectable homes is a much more serious matter; it means that editors and publishers believe that this form of appeal to physical impulses and sex curiosity meets public taste and is an available method of “getting business.” The exploitation of the semi-naked for commercial purposes is a much graver offense against society when it is done by men of reputable character than when it is done by men who recognize no moral standards.

The mischief is serious because it is fundamental: it cheapens women, and anything which lowers the respect of society for women strikes down one of the great safeguards of society. Boys who constantly see these illustrations cannot escape the contamination of ideas and associations which cheapen women in their thoughts. The vulgar handling of things essentially sacred and pure is a form of sacrilege which weakens the foundations of faith and reverence. These illustrations are an insult to women, because they treat them on the lowest plane; and they destroy that modesty which is just as truly the quality of a boy of fine grain as of a high-minded girl. They diminish the strength and happiness of society by diminishing its respect for wifehood and motherhood: for the degree of respect in which women are held is one of

the measures of civilization. Readers of reputable publications which open their columns to this offensive illustration ought to make their protests urgent and outspoken.



THE HETCH HETCHY VALLEY

Communities are to the Nation what individuals are to the family. All communities, all individuals, are justified in desiring the fullest possible self-development consistent with the general welfare of the social group to which they belong. It is right for Boston to build her new municipal docks even if these docks divert traffic from New York. These docks contribute to the general welfare of the Nation. It is right for John to sell boots, write plays, or weave cloth just as well as he can, even if by so doing he diverts attention from the no less praiseworthy efforts of his brother William. His activities contribute to the welfare of the family group to which they both belong.

In such cases as these the private interest of the community and the individual does not conflict with the larger interests of the Nation and the family. There are, however, many instances where such conflict exists. Wherever Boston and New York, John and William, are part owners of a common inheritance, they have no right to sacrifice the well-being of a Nation or a family for their own selfish advantage. Furthermore, if Boston and New York, or John and William, choose to dissipate their several shares of the common inheritance, there is no moral obligation resting upon the Nation or the family to restore the offending communities or individuals to their former position of equality in the family or National partnership. The prodigal son was received with open arms, it is true, but there is no evidence to show that his father's estate was ever redivided.

To remove our discussion from the realm of the hypothetical, let us give an actual case in point, a case now before the American people for decision. The United States as a whole is the owner of certain great areas of land chosen, for divers reasons, as National Parks. One of these parks is situated not very far from San Francisco. In this park is the beautiful Hetch Hetchy Valley, which the city of San Francisco desires to convert into a gigantic reservoir. There is ample evidence to prove that this reservoir would abundantly supply San Francisco with better water at smaller cost than can be obtained

from any other available source. Many well-informed people believe that, even should her present urgent demands be refused, the future development of San Francisco will make the utilization of this valley for the storage of water an ultimate necessity. San Francisco needs more water, and needs it now. This fact cannot be questioned. Like the prodigal son, she has squandered her opportunities in the past, has fallen partly under the domination of private interests, and now turns to the Nation for relief.

In considering San Francisco's petition several facts must be borne in mind. San Francisco has no more inherent right to the Hetch Hetchy Valley than has New York or New Orleans. It is National property held in trust for the Nation. Furthermore, there is no reason why the Nation should be made to bear the brunt of San Francisco's municipal transgressions. There is no reason why the Nation should sacrifice itself for the advantage of a single city unless such a sacrifice will indirectly and undeniably benefit the Nation as a whole. If, on the other hand, the preservation of the Hetch Hetchy Valley for park purposes of necessity will so retard the development of a large portion of the Pacific Slope that the injury done to this particular section will react upon the country at large, then perhaps it is a short-sighted policy to insist that San Francisco go elsewhere for her needed supply of water. This question is for the trustees of the Nation's property to decide. The trustee of our National Parks is the President of the United States, or, acting for him, the Secretary of the Interior, who is, in the present instance, Mr. Franklin K. Lane. It is but fair to add that the bill before Congress has the support of many men who have at heart National as well as local interests. Among these men are Mr. Graves, the Forester; Secretary Houston, of the Agricultural Department; and Mr. Newell, Chief of the Reclamation Service.

With a nicety of feeling which does credit to his scrupulous honesty of intention, Mr. Lane, although he personally favors the project, has declined to render a decision, upon the ground that, as a citizen of California, he is in the position of a judge interested in the case brought before him for trial. Mr. Lane has handed the matter over to Congress, asking for that special legislation in the absence of which the President or the Department of the Interior could have rendered a final decision. A bill giving to the

city of San Francisco the desired rights in the Hetch Hetchy Valley has now passed the House of Representatives. While recognizing the difficulty of Mr. Lane's position, The Outlook believes that the Department of the Interior should have decided upon the merits of the case without recourse to Congressional legislation. The Secretary could have appointed a disinterested committee of investigation and based his conclusions without fear of criticism upon the findings of that committee. Congress has now gone over that mass of testimony brought forward by interested partisans—either of scenic beauty or civic necessity—which has filled the public press for a matter of ten years.

Ultimately, of course, if passed by the Senate, the Hetch Hetchy Bill will come before the President for his signature or for his veto. The executive branch of the Government will not be relieved of the responsibility for action even if the Secretary of the Interior has succeeded in postponing for a time the inevitable decision. If the President and his able Secretary had definitely disposed of the Hetch Hetchy question by executive order or recommendation, it would have gone far towards relieving the minds of a great many conscientious citizens from a strong suspicion that the proposition is one which involves a serious sacrifice by the Nation for the benefit of a single locality.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE BELOVED DISCIPLE

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved."—John xiii 23.

FROM this phrase, several times repeated in the Fourth Gospel, John has come to be known as the Beloved Disciple. Why beloved? He who was called a Son of Thunder; he who forbade a man from casting out devils because he was not a follower of the disciple; he who would have called down fire from heaven on a Samaritan village; he who just before the Crucifixion came to Jesus with his brother, seeking the first place in the coming kingdom—why was such a man specially beloved of Christ? Is there anything for us in the fact that John was so beloved? Does he still love some more than others? Is there any possibility of our making ourselves especially beloved of him?

Most men that are good for anything have two sides. In John's heart was a great loyalty, a great love. His hatred was born of love, not of selfishness. He would call down the fire of God on the Samaritan village, not because it refused hospitality to him, but because it refused hospitality to the One whom he loved. And with this great, loyal love for Christ, John had a great readiness to receive whatever Christ had to teach. He was of all the disciples the most open to Christ's influence. When Christ foretold his crucifixion, Peter said, "This be far from

thee, Lord." When the disciples began to circulate the story of Christ's resurrection, Thomas said, "I will not believe until I have put my fingers into the nail-prints." When Christ received the gift of the box of ointment that cost three hundred pence, Judas Iscariot complained. When Christ said, "I am the manifestation of the Father," Philip was dissatisfied. "Show us the Father," he said, "and it will satisfy us." When Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; whither I go ye know, and the way ye know," Thomas replied, almost querulously, "We do not know where you are going, and how can we know the way?" When he said that he would manifest himself to his disciples as he would not to the world, Judas, not Iscariot, interrupts: "How can you manifest yourself to us as you do not to the world?" But never once did John interpose to Christ's teaching a question, a protest, an objection.

And so, because in this spirit of love he laid aside his prejudices, he had what we call insight. This, for the most part, comes when prejudices are cleared away from our eyes; and they were cleared away from John's eyes. So, when, after the rumor of the resurrection, Peter and John came running to the tomb, and John waited reverently without and followed in after, though Peter was the first to see the grave-clothes lying in order, not disarranged, John was the first to under-

stand the fact—that Christ had risen from the dead. And, later, when they were fishing by the Sea of Galilee, and the stranger sitting upon the shore called out to them, “Boys, have you anything to eat?” it was Peter who was first to fling off his fisher’s coat and plunge into the sea; but it was John who was the first to see that this stranger was no stranger, but Christ himself.

The years pass by in Judea, in Asia Minor—years of study of God’s providence and of patient waiting for the eagerly expected return of the Christ and his victory over his enemies. But they do not bring the fulfillment of this expectation. No armies of God march out of the heavens, angel-led, to overturn Rome and bring punishment to the persecutors of Jesus. The coming of the Christ delays and still delays. Yet John never lost his faith that Jesus is the Messiah, though the Messiah’s kingdom came not. As men grow old the intermediate years drop out of their recollection, and the strong impressions of their earlier years come vividly into view. So John went back at eighty or ninety years of age and lived over again the years he had lived with Jesus. He had learned in life’s school the meaning of Christ’s teaching. The Gospels that others had written did not satisfy him. Matthew’s story of the King, Mark’s story of the great Teacher, Luke’s story of the Physician and the Philanthropist—these were not enough. They did not satisfy John’s old-age recollections of the Master. And so, in his old age, he took up his pen to write that which he learned, first from the lips of Christ, then from the book of Providence, and last of all from the Spirit of God dwelling in his heart. It is John who tells us that there is a new birth in the human soul which the Spirit of God brings; John who tells us that the satisfactions of life are in a water of life which God only gives; John who reports that sermon on the Bread of Life—that to live we must eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ; John who puts Christ before us as the Emancipator who breaks the yoke and sets the soul free; John who reports the last discourses about the Supper table, discourses of a spiritual life in the risen and living Christ; John who tells us of the contrast between Pilate with his kingdom of force and Christ with his kingdom of truth.

Can we not, then, begin to see why John was the beloved disciple? Not because he was the gentlest, the most placid, the most spiritual by nature, but because he was the

one whom Christ most transformed, the one who, in the great loyalty of his love to Christ, was the most subject to the work of Christ in his soul, the one most plastic under the molding spirit of the Redeemer. As the sculptor likes the clay best which can best be molded in his hand into the image which he would make; as the farmer counts that the best soil which will best receive his seed and respond to his cultivation; as the teacher loves that pupil best, not who has the most genius, but who shows the most receptive soul; as the preacher is most drawn, as he speaks to his congregation, by some eager face evidently anxious to understand the preacher and drink in and carry away and make something of his sermon, so John was best beloved by Jesus because he was the one the door of whose heart stood always open, and whose soul was always saying to Christ, Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

Can you and I become beloved disciples? Would we be nearest and dearest to him? Not by a great zeal; then Peter would have been the beloved disciple. Not by a faultless character; then any one, almost, of the eleven might have been beloved rather than John. Not by great missionary activity; then Paul would have led and John would have followed. But by a great, loyal love that cares above all things else for the love of Christ, that makes the one fact, that Christ has loved me even a little, the grandest fact in my experience, that opens the door to him, and is docile and obedient to his influence. A great loyalty of love and a great humility, a great sense of need in self of just that which Christ can give, a great putting away of all prejudices and prepossessions, a great readiness to take what he has to teach, a great docility—this made John the best-beloved disciple.

And it is so still. Not by what we have done in past years, not by what we are by nature, which we received from father and mother, not in the faultlessness of our character, not in the zeal nor in the abundance of the service; but in what we will to receive from our Master—by that is measured our nearness to him. We are often asked, Will you serve Christ? I would like to change the question. Will you let Christ serve you? He who came not to be ministered unto but to minister finds his greatest joy and his greatest rest in the soul that is most eager for his ministry and receives it with the greatest readiness.

TAMMANY HALL

BY EVERETT P. WHEELER

Mr. Wheeler is a member of the Bar in the city of New York, a citizen and a lawyer of the highest reputation and influence. He has been for many years a loyal Democrat in National politics, and an equally loyal and successful advocate of good government. The accurate knowledge and the judicial fairness of his presentment of the corrupting influence of Tammany Hall make it unanswerable.—THE EDITORS.

TAMMANY HALL is perhaps the oldest political organization in the United States. Formed about the year 1789, when there were but thirteen States in the Union, it was at first a quasi-benevolent society. It has always claimed to be a patriotic society. Its alternate name is the Columbian Order. It has always celebrated the Fourth of July with festivities and with speeches. It maintains some verbal intimation, in the Indian titles of the officers, that it is indigenous to the soil. Its President is Grand Sachem, its governing body is composed of sachems. One of the officers is Wiskinkie.

TAMMANY'S ORIGIN

There has been some dispute as to whether the society was not founded at an earlier date, but for political purposes we may safely take the inscription on the corner-stone of the old Tammany Hall on the corner of Park Row and Frankfort Street. This is preserved in the Tammany Building on Fourteenth Street, which has been the center of the society's activity for more than forty years, and reads as follows: "Tammany Hall or Columbian Order. Founded by William Mooney in 1786. Organized under a Constitution and Laws in 1789. William Mooney 1st Grand Sachem. New York, May 12th, 1789."

In 1799 it became an active political organization on the Democratic side, and such, with varying degrees of loyalty, it has continued ever since. It won its first political victory in the spring election of 1800. Its original benevolent purpose has always been maintained in the endeavor to provide in one way or another for its political adherents. If a good Tammany man is out of work, or is threatened with eviction for the non-payment of rent, or is in any other difficulty, financial or otherwise, an endeavor at least is made to help him. Even under the merit system there are sundry public jobs that are within the control of the party in power. But in the old days of the spoils system one of the

readiest means of help was by the distribution of public office. This means was employed to the uttermost, to the great detriment of the public service.

THE POLICE QUESTION HALF A CENTURY AGO

Before the year 1854 the voters of New York City were pretty equally divided between the Whig and Democratic parties. Indeed, in 1844 and 1845 the city was carried by the Native American party, which was organized to overcome what was thought to be undue Irish influence. But when the Republican party came into being most of the Whigs became Democrats, and the Democratic party has held the majority ever since. In 1855, when Fernando Wood was Mayor of the city of New York, the police force was wholly under the control of the Mayor. By the Act of 1849 he was made the head of the Police Department. This force was ill disciplined and ill regulated. To quote Daniel MacLeod, who wrote a sketch of Wood in 1855:

He [Wood] found the streets of this great metropolis ill paved, broken by carts and omnibuses into ruts and perilous gullies, obstructed by boxes and signboards, impassable by reason of thronging vehicles, and filled with filth and garbage which was left where it had been thrown, to rot and send out its pestiferous fumes, breathing fever, cholera, and a host of diseases all over the city. He found hacks, carts, and omnibuses choking the thoroughfares, the Jehu drivers dashing through the crowds furiously, reckless of life; women and children were knocked down, trampled on, and the ruffians drove on uncaught. Hackmen overcharged and were insolent to their passengers; baggage-smashers haunted the docks, tearing one's baggage about, stealing it sometimes, and demanding from timid women and strange men unnumbered fees for doing mischief or for doing nothing at all; emigrant runners, half bulldog and half leech, burst in crowds upon the docks of arriving ships, carried off the poor foreign people, fleeced them and set them adrift upon the town; rowdyism seemed to rule the city; it was at the risk of your life that you walked the streets late at night; the club, the knife, the slungshot and revolver were in constant activity; the Sunday low dramshop polluted the Sabbath air, disturbed the sacred stillness, and in the afternoon and night sent

forth its crowds of wretches infuriate with bad liquor to howl and blaspheme, to fight or lie prone on the sidewalk or in the gutters.

FROM INEFFICIENCY TO CORRUPTNESS

In 1870 the police district was limited to New York City, which then included only Manhattan Island. The number of the Commissioners was fixed at four, and the board was to be bi-partisan. The same mischievous system had also been adopted for the government of New York County. The Act of 1857 required that two members of the Board of Supervisors, which was then the governing body of New York County, should be elected each year, but that no voter should vote for more than one. This divided the number equally between the Republicans and the Democrats, and gave the appointment of the Board really to the political conventions instead of giving it to the voters. This resulted probably in the most corrupt board of officials that ever dominated the city of New York.

ENTER TWEED

William M. Tweed became a Supervisor in 1856. He soon made alliances with other politicians as corrupt as himself. One of these, Peter B. Sweeney, was originally a clerk in a lawyer's office. Richard B. Connolly came from Ireland when a boy, was elected County Clerk, and afterwards State Senator. These three men saw the possibilities of plunder in the affairs of the city, and effected what was perhaps the most extraordinary combination of rascals that is recorded in history. They were all sachems and leaders of Tammany Hall.

At that time the money to be raised by taxation was determined by an act which passed the Legislature annually and was known as the tax levy. The Republican majority had deprived the city of New York of most of the powers of local self-government. But "there is no politics in politics," and Tweed and his associates managed to get the tax levies framed to suit themselves and put money in their own pockets and those of their friends.

THE COUNTY COURT-HOUSE FRAUDS

It was determined to build a county court-house. The Supervisors in 1864 adopted a resolution that such a court-house should be built. The building proceeded under their direction until the Act of April 26, 1870, put the business in the hands of four commissioners, to be appointed by the Mayor, and

authorized them to raise \$600,000 by the issue of county stock for its completion. Commissioners were accordingly appointed and went on with the work. In 1871 power to raise \$750,000 more for this purpose was granted by the Legislature. According to Tweed's statement, subsequently made, he raised \$112,000, which was paid to members of the Legislature in order to obtain this last appropriation.

In 1870 the Board of Supervisors was abolished, but a Board of Audit was created to audit claims against the city. This Board of Audit, composed of the Mayor, A. Oakey Hall; Tweed, the President of the Board of Supervisors; and Connolly, the Comptroller, allowed at one meeting for claims against the city \$6,312,000. City stock was issued to pay these claims. It subsequently appeared that there was not actually due more than ten per cent of this amount. Of the profits Tweed received twenty-four per cent, and the other members of the combination received their proper percentages.

How much of these percentages went into the treasury of Tammany Hall was never disclosed, but undoubtedly they formed an important part of the campaign chest.

TAMMANY CORRUPTS THE JUDGES

The most shocking feature of the combination was the alliance between these Tammany chiefs and three corrupt judges. Two of these judges were afterwards impeached and removed from office, and one of them resigned; but while they had power they exercised it without scruple, appointed receivers, issued injunctions, and co-operated with Tammany leaders in a vast scheme of public plunder.

The lawyers of New York held a meeting in 1869 to form an association which should undertake the purification of the bench. Under the influence of Tweed the legislators of 1870 refused to give this association a charter. The charter was granted, however, in 1871. The association exposed the judicial crimes that have been referred to, and conducted proceedings before the Legislature which resulted in the impeachment of the three corrupt judges.

THE EXPOSURE

While this attack upon one branch of the shameful New York administration was being led by lawyers, another attack against the civilian side of it was organized and carried to a successful issue. Tweed, at one time,

had convinced the public that he was really an able and honest administrator. His crimes and those of his associates were brought to light in two ways. A quarrel developed among the partners. James O'Brien, who was Sheriff, was not satisfied with the share of the plunder which he was receiving. He made up a claim against the city for \$350,000, which he afterwards offered to sell to Tweed for that amount. Tweed, however, refused. He felt that O'Brien's support would cost him too dear. O'Brien thereupon began, through a man named William Copeland, who was one of his followers, and for whom he had secured an appointment in the Comptroller's office, to furnish information of the misdeeds of the partners, whom he considered too greedy. Mr. Jones, who was the proprietor of the New York "Times," obtained from the office of the Comptroller (not only through Copeland, but through Matthew J. O'Rourke, who was a clerk in that office and had himself become convinced of the fraudulent character of the claims which were being paid), without the knowledge of the associates, statements of accounts which showed that the bills which were being paid by the city for the new Court-House and for other purposes were not honest bills. These bills were made up on much the same principle as those of the unjust steward in the parable: the plasterers, the painters, the masons, the plumbers—in short, all the parties who were engaged in furnishing labor or material to the Court-House—were told to take their bills and sit down quickly and write six or eight or ten times their actual amount. The contractors, who found that they could not get paid unless they joined in this fraudulent proceeding, got their money, which probably was a very full price, and the balance went to the conspirators. It seems strange that these rascals should have become so daring. If they had been content with a smaller amount of plunder, they might never have been discovered. But the evil of all such combinations is intrinsic. Necessarily, many become aware of the scheme. Each man feels that a large part of the credit belongs to himself. Each man clamors for a larger and a larger share. Political leaders who rely upon a corrupt following for their support are constantly called upon to do more and more for their henchmen. And so, in the end, the system breaks down, as this did, from its own weight. Many threats were made against Mr. Jones; all

sorts of promises were made to induce him to cease the attack; but he went on bravely with his exposure. Even after the facts had been made manifest, Tweed was defiant. He ran again for the State Senate, and carried his own district.

WHAT WAS DISCOVERED

These exposures aroused public indignation. A committee of eight citizens was appointed, who made a thorough examination of the books and accounts in the Comptroller's office. They found that the graft in the charges for repairs on armories and drill-rooms was the largest in percentage. The actual cost of these was not over \$250,000. The city had paid \$3,200,000. They found that the fair cost of the building of the Court-House, which had not at that time been finished, would not exceed three millions, and that over eleven millions had been charged. They found that the equipment of this Court-House, including the painting, plumbing, and plasterers' bills, had cost the city \$7,289,466.81. Appraisers employed by the committee valued the whole at \$624,180.40. The conspirators had been clever enough to attempt to subsidize the newspapers of the city by paying enormous sums for useless advertisements. In less than three years the city and county had paid for printing, advertising, stationery, etc., \$7,169,212.23.

The frauds that had thus been discovered produced a revolution in Tammany Hall. The better element came to the front. Augustus Schell succeeded William M. Tweed as Grand Sachem; Connolly, Sweeney, and Hall, and some of their associates, were dropped from their positions as sachems, and Charles O'Connor, Samuel J. Tilden, John Kelly, Horatio Seymour, August Belmont, and Abram S. Hewitt were elected in their stead.

In 1873 Samuel J. Tilden, at the head of a committee from Tammany Hall, called at the New York City Bar Association Building and conferred with a committee from that Association respecting the nominations to be made that year for judicial office. It was a good precedent, not often followed since.

A REFORMED TAMMANY

From 1872 until 1876 it may fairly be said that we had a reformed Tammany. Possibly my personal interest may cloud my judgment, but as I saw it then, and see it now, the Tammany organization at that time was altogether the most honest and respect-

able political organization in the city of New York.

Samuel J. Tilden was elected Governor of the State of New York in 1874, and William H. Wickham was elected Mayor of the city in the same year. They both had the support of the reformed Tammany. Tilden had a majority of 50,317. Wickham had a plurality over his Republican competitor of 33,118, and a clear majority over all of 8,892.

The great difficulty attendant upon reform in a political party, which is composed of various and some discordant elements, is the impossibility of satisfying them all. The rascals in the Democratic party in New York City found the reformed Tammany very little to their liking. In particular, John Morrissey, who was a professional gambler, and had profited by the indulgence extended to him by the Tweed régime, found the conditions under Mayor Wickham not at all to his taste. Accordingly he bolted. He had a great many friends and supporters of his own kind, and then the good citizens of New York saw before their eyes a coalition similar to that which Randolph described in 1824 as "a combination of the Puritan and the Blackleg." To the great astonishment of many, a coalition was effected between John Morrissey and his bolting Democrats and the regular Republican organization. The Tammany leaders who were then in office felt bound to do all in their power to defeat this combination. They nominated for the local election in 1875 what I must say was an excellent ticket.

Unfortunately this ticket was defeated. The coalition carried the day. John Kelly had become the leader of Tammany Hall. The defeat of 1875 impressed upon him that he must make to himself some friends of the baser element.

MAYOR HEWITT AND THE POLICE

Some of the bolters of 1875 were received back into the party, but Kelly failed to obtain a sufficient majority for Hancock in the campaign of 1880, and many of the leading Democrats, with Abram S. Hewitt at the head, formed the County Democracy. This maintained a vigorous campaign against Tammany Hall for several years, and came to be recognized as the regular Democratic organization of the city. It joined with Tammany Hall in 1886 in nominating Abram S. Hewitt for Mayor, and he was elected. He became Mayor on the first of January, 1887.

In a speech which he made on the 27th of November, 1900, he gave this account of the manner in which, as Mayor, he dealt with the police situation:

Now, when I became Mayor, I realized the fact that the responsibility was upon me. The condition of things at that time in the city of New York was very bad. I did not go to the Police Superintendent or to any captain, but I simply walked through the streets and observed with my own eyes, and I counted the disreputable places, so far as I could find them, that were open to the public view.

The Chief of Police at that time was Murray, a most intelligent and capable officer. I told him what I had seen. He said it was all true. I told him that I wanted to have the dives closed up, and while I did not expect that vice could be suppressed or extirpated in a great city like this, I wanted at least that respect which vice pays to purity, by being a little more decent. He said to me frankly, "All that you say is true." I said, "Can they be closed up?" He said, "Certainly; it is only necessary to give the order to have them closed up." I said, "Then why do they exist at all?" "Well," he said, "you had better ask some of your political friends about that." I said, "They are interested in these places?" "Oh, many of them," he said. "And if the order goes forth to close them up you will be attacking the men who have been your best supporters in the last election and who have placed you in the Mayor's chair." I said, "That is a revelation; but it does not make any difference to me who they are. The places have got to be closed up."

I said to him, "I don't ask you to commit yourself to anything, Murray, but you are a rich man?" "Well," he said, "I don't know what you call rich; I am very well-to-do." I said, "Won't you tell me frankly how much you are worth?" Said he, "I am worth \$300,000." I said, "Murray, did you ever have any business but that of a policeman and police captain?" He said, "No." I said, "How did you get that \$300,000?" "Why," said he, "I have friends in Wall Street who have given me good opportunities and I have made this money, and I am very well satisfied with the results."

I said, "How about the captains? Are there any of these who have fortunes?" "Oh," he says, "most of them are well-to-do. There are some poor men among them!" I said, "How do they get their money?" "Well," said he, "you can readily understand that as long as this condition of things goes on opportunities occur to make money." I said, "How about the ward men? I hear that they go around and collect money." "Well," said he, "they don't collect any money for me; but I think it very likely they do collect money." "Now," said I, "you have told me very frankly the condition of things here. I don't propose to take any advantage of it. You have dealt with entire fairness with me. All I ask you to do now is from this day to do your duty." He said he would, and he did.

I then sent for the President of the Police Commission. It was a bi-partisan board then, as now. There were two Republicans and two

Democrats, but the President of the Board was a Republican. I do not care to recall names. All the members of the Board at the time, except one, have since died. I told him frankly what Murray had told me, and I asked him whether he was willing to co-operate in the suppression of the dives and the closing up of these disreputable and unlawful places of resort. He said if I wished he would, but he thought I had better let things alone; that I was going to let loose a hornet's nest, and that if I had any political ambition in the future he wanted to tell me, from his great knowledge of politics, and no man had more, that it would be my political ruin—that there was no place that I could ever be elected to in this community. He also told me the truth. Now what happened? The police were managed by four men, who divided up the patronage into four parts. Two of them were Democrats, two of them were Republicans, and each one had his portion. I was informed that the Mayor, if he saw fit, might have a portion from each one of the appointments. I declined, of course, to accept the offer.

But just consider the condition of the police under such a state of things as that. Every appointee of the police is a political appointee. No appointment can be got without a political pull, and when the Police Board is in the hands of one organization practically, as it is at present, that of Tammany Hall, it means that no policeman can ever by any possibility be appointed or be promoted without the consent of the ruling powers of Tammany Hall. That is a condition of things which in an intelligent and civilized community would seem to be intolerable. I found it so. But I insisted that reform, which then had not been sent to condign punishment, should be effected. I can say to you that in sixty days every dive in the city of New York was closed up, and all the places which had flaunted vice before the community were compelled at least to put on the garb of respectability, and those of you who are old enough to remember will remember that during the two years when I was Mayor externally New York was a very decent city.

I want to say to you that the great majority of the police force are honest men. The number who are willing to take bribes from gamblers and the keepers of improper places of resort are few, and that accounts for the fact that these few get rich, because they don't divide with those who are desirous simply to do their duty for the pay which they receive from the public treasury. Now, I want to say distinctly that my experience of the police as a body was most favorable. But when they are headed by a corrupt Superintendent and by a corrupt Board of Commissioners there is no limit at all to the abuses which may be perpetrated, for if a man tries to do his duty he is promptly transferred to some place where there is no exercise for his sense of right.

TAMMANY AGAIN IN FULL SWING

Hewitt's administration as Mayor was not satisfactory to Tammany Hall, for reasons which this statement of his sufficiently shows;

neither was it satisfactory to the Republican allies of Tammany Hall.

The result was that when in 1888 he was nominated for re-election Tammany Hall nominated Hugh J. Grant, and the Republicans nominated an Independent candidate who took votes enough from Hewitt to elect Grant. Once more Tammany Hall was in full control of the city government. This control continued until the end of the year 1894. No one has described this better than Mr. E. L. Godkin:

The methods of corruption which have led to the explosion to which we owe the attempt at reform of which these pages are a record have differed considerably from those employed by Tweed. His chief mode of despoiling the treasury was the raising of bills by tradesmen doing city work. The present Tammany men resort to much more subtle processes—such as the enormous multiplication of salaried offices, and secret tolls or blackmail levied on all persons having business with the city or exposed to annoyances at the hands of the police or other officials, and the sale of legislation or immunity from legislation to corporations or firms. As usual, the discovery of such disorders was due to excess. The increasing corruption of the police made concealment no longer possible, and brought about the uprising of which this book is a commemoration.

THE LEXOW INVESTIGATION

These evils had become so gross that Senator Lexow offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee to investigate the Police Department. Governor Flower, who was hand and glove with Tammany, vetoed the bill appropriating money for the expenses of this investigation. Thereupon the Chamber of Commerce raised the money, and the Committee went ahead. The first attack was made upon the interference by the police with New York City elections. Many policemen were members of Tammany clubs and took an active part in city elections, going so far as to permit repeaters to vote without interference. John W. Goff, now Justice of the Supreme Court, became counsel for the Committee. He was assisted by Frank Moss, who was then Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and William Travers Jerome. Mr. Goff took the bold step of calling as a witness one of the Police Commissioners, John McClave. He could not stand the fire, broke down completely, resigned his office, and left the city. His secretary followed his example. Proof showed clearly that money had been paid for the appointment and promotion of policemen, and that bribes had been paid to

police captains, sergeants, and wardmen, as they were then called, for permission to continue various illegal trades within their districts. Four captains and a number of sergeants and wardmen were tried before the Police Commissioners for the offenses thus disclosed. The evidence which the Committee had obtained was given, and they were dismissed from the force. One of these captains was afterwards indicted and convicted of bribery, was sentenced to three years and nine months' imprisonment and a fine of \$1,000. One police captain admitted that he had paid \$15,000 for his appointment as captain. This testimony of his led to an attempt by his superior officers to remove him; but the Committee insisted upon the promise of immunity to witnesses which they had given under the direction of the Senate, and the captain accordingly was restored to his place. The evidence was so clear that it produced a great change—I might well say a revolution—in public sentiment.

A meeting of citizens without distinction of party was held in Madison Square Garden, a Committee of Seventy was appointed, and it nominated William L. Strong for Mayor and John W. Goff for Recorder.

Frederic R. Coudert made the following statement respecting Mr. Goff:

There is no reason why any organization should object to Mr. Goff. Even Tammany should feel grateful to him. If a man comes to your house, which is infected with a deadly pestilence, and cleans out the house, disinfects it and makes it habitable, you would be very ungrateful indeed if you did not say, Thank you. I think Tammany should feel grateful to Mr. Goff.

"HIGHER UP"

One of the most effective and terrible circulars which the Committee distributed among the voters was the story of a Russian widow named Urchittel. She had started a little store in Ridge Street in which she sold cigars and tobacco. She was blackmailed by police detectives, arrested, and taken to court. Her trial took place without any professional assistance to her, and without her being able to understand a word of the testimony of the two perjured witnesses against her. Her children were taken from her and her business was destroyed. It was an evil day for the Tammany Hall Democracy when it tolerated such crimes as these.

The following extract from the testimony of a merchant who had been blackmailed by the wardmen is illuminating:

Q. Did any of the wardmen who collected your sidewalk rent tell you how the money was divided?

A. There was something said on that subject once.

Q. Please tell the Committee about that conversation.

A. Once when I paid a wardman six months' rent I said to him: "You must be getting pretty rich if all my neighbors pay as I do." He said: "Oh, my, I don't get any of this. I hand this to the captain." "Well," said I, "then the captain must be getting pretty rich." He said, "No, the captain gets none of this, or, anyway, only his percentage. It goes higher."

"The inspector then?" said I. "No," said he, "higher."

"What!" said I. "Higher brings it to the Superintendent." "No," said he, "higher."

Then said I, "Why, that takes us to the Commissioners." "No," said he, "higher."

Then said I, "There's nothing but the Grand Boss of all."

Then he said: "You are getting hot now."

Strong was elected by a majority of 45,187. His administration was a great improvement upon that of his immediate predecessors. During his administration the consolidation of New York, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond into one city took place. The first election for Mayor for the Greater New York took place in 1897. The Independents nominated Seth Low for Mayor. We had hoped that the Republicans would unite with us, but this they refused to do and nominated an Independent candidate. This made the way clear for a Tammany success, and the Hall nominated Van Wyck. He had a plurality of 82,547 over Low. If all the vote for the anti-Tammany candidates had been combined on one candidate, Mr. Low would have had a majority of 41,099.

CROKER UNITES THE BAD MEN AND THE
"RESPECTABLES"

Meanwhile John Kelly had ceased to be the head of Tammany Hall and had passed away. Richard Croker succeeded him. He showed a skill in uniting the worst elements in New York and in attracting the support of many good citizens which has never been equaled except by William M. Tweed.

The Van Wyck administration was not in some respects as bad as that of Grant and Gilroy, but it was more arbitrary. It revived the practice of levying tribute on illegal resorts and using the proceeds to enrich political leaders and maintain the organization. But Van Wyck ran upon a snag in the Police Department. John McCullagh was Acting Chief of Police and was not removable by

the Mayor. He continued to enforce the law against gambling, pool-selling, and disreputable houses. The endeavors of the managers of these resorts to secure protection by the payment of tribute were rejected by him.

WIDE OPEN UNDER DEVERY

He undertook to suppress a pool-room in which William S. Devery was interested. One of the Commissioners ordered McCullagh to transfer to another district the officer who had done this. This McCullagh refused to do. Thereupon the Mayor promptly removed the two Police Commissioners who had refused to vote for McCullagh's removal, appointed in their stead two pliant tools who joined with the Tammany Commissioners, removed McCullagh, and appointed Devery Acting Chief of Police.

Croker testified before a subsequent committee of investigation, "I did all I could for Devery." With him in office the city ran wide open.

At the end of March, 1900, the Grand Jury made the following presentment:

We do charge and present that in their relations to these places [disorderly houses], the officials of the police, from the roundsmen up to the Commissioners, are guilty of criminal ignorance and criminal negligence. The root of the evil is not so much in the gambling or pool-selling or policy-playing, or in the disorderly resorts, as it is in the system of police administration, which either blindly or corruptly permits open and flagrant violations of the law to go unpunished and unchecked. The inference is unavoidable that the neglect and the blindness (under the present police system) are due, not to lack of intelligence or knowledge, but to some direct interest in the maintenance of these places.

In October, 1900, Franklin Mathews published in "Harper's Weekly" the result of an investigation he had made on the East Side, largely in the Tenth Ward. The infamy of the conditions that prevailed at that time was far worse than anything that has since developed, and cannot be here described.

THE POLICE AND ELECTIONS

Meanwhile Mr. Croker had undertaken to renew the practice of controlling elections through the instrumentality of the Police Department. Devery's reputation was such that when he was made Chief of Police it became necessary for the Legislature to interfere, and a law was passed providing for a State Superintendent of Elections in Greater New York, which was called the Metropolitan Election District. To this office McCullagh

was appointed. He made diligent investigation of the voters in many of the districts in which fraudulent voting was anticipated. He examined the registry lists and instituted rigorous inquiry into the qualifications of those persons who were registered. It became well understood that the State authorities would be an obstacle to fraudulent voting. Mr. Croker did not intend that this interference should go on without opposition. Accordingly, on the 30th of October he publicly declared to the reporters: "I advise all Democrats to go to the polling-places on election night, count noses, and see that they get counted. If the vote does not tally, let them go in and pull out the fellows in charge. I want to have you print this."

On the night of Sunday, November 4, Devery followed up this proclamation by issuing the following order:

To all—Tactics and methods of intimidation perpetrated upon respectable citizens who have been one year in the State, four months in any of the four counties of New York City, namely, New York, Kings, Queens, and Richmond, who have resided thirty days in an election district, and who are legal voters, by John McCullagh, Superintendent of Elections, *will not be tolerated or permitted by the Police Department*, and the commanding officers of the department will give all complaints touching on such matters their special attention, and will instruct the members of their commands to use all means within their power to protect the honest right and franchise of all citizens on election day.

Theodore Roosevelt was then Governor of the State, and he at once notified the Mayor that he would hold him responsible for any disorder, violence, or fraud resulting from "either the action or the inaction of Devery." The Mayor thereupon directed Devery to withdraw the order, and it was withdrawn.

THE CHURCHES AND POLICE CORRUPTION

During all these political campaigns religious people had not been indifferent to the social conditions of the city. In many wards from which the old residents had removed mission churches were organized and did effective work for righteousness. The Episcopal Church established a mission at 130 Stanton Street, in the crowded Tenth Ward. Bishop Potter lived there for some time. The missionary in charge, the Rev. Robert L. Paddock, remonstrated against the conditions which prevailed in that neighborhood, and was insulted by the captain of police of the precinct. Bishop Potter took up the cause and wrote the following letter to the

Mayor, in compliance with a vote of the convention of the diocese :

But the thing that is of consequence, sir, is that when a minister of religion and a resident in a particular neighborhood, whose calling and character, experience and truthfulness are alike widely and abundantly recognized, goes to the headquarters of the police in his district to appeal to them for the protection of the young, the innocent, and the defenseless against the leprous harpies who are hired as runners and touters for the lowest and most infamous dens of vice, he is met, not only with contempt and derision, but with the coarsest insult and obloquy.

I affirm that such a virtual safeguarding of vice in the city of New York is a burning shame to any decent and civilized community and an intolerable outrage upon those whom it especially and pre-eminently concerns. I am not, I beg to say, unmindful of the fact that the existence of vice in a great city is practically an inevitable condition of the life in such a community. I am not demanding that vice shall be "stamped out" by the police or any other civil authority. That is a task which would demand for its achievement a race of angels and not of men.

But I approach you, sir, to protest with all my power against a condition of things in which vice is not only tolerated, but shielded and encouraged, by those whose sworn duty it is to repress and discourage it, and in the name of insulted youth and innocence of young girls and their mothers, who, though living under conditions often of privation and the hard struggle for a livelihood, have in them every instinct of virtue and purity that are the ornaments of any so-called gentlewoman of the land.

The President of the Board of Police, Mr. York, was obliged to admit publicly on the 17th of November :

There is no use mincing matters. If places are running openly on the East Side, or on any side of this city, it is the fault of the captain of the precinct. They cannot run openly without his assistance. . . . It is true, as you say; it stands to reason, when a vile place is running so openly day after day that every passer-by knows what it is and can go in without any trouble, that the captain is getting some consideration for letting this thing go on.

PUBLIC INDIGNATION

Then, again, our citizens adopted the old and well-tried method of a public meeting to express indignation and organize for reform. This meeting was attended by ex-Mayor Hewitt. He referred at the outset to a Committee of Investigation that had been appointed by Tammany Hall :

The incident which led to the formation of a committee, commonly called the Purity Committee, which is now investigating the condition of the city on the part of Tammany Hall was either called by what the Bishop said or by the intimation that he was going to take action in

consequence of the Diocesan Convention. At any rate, when the head of Tammany Hall spoke out and the Committee was appointed, it was the first confession, so far as I know, which came from the governing power of the city that they knew there was anything wrong. Everybody else was aware of it. But two years ago reform was sent to hell by a leading official of the administration, and there reform seems to have remained for two years.

Reform has been undergoing the punishment which Tammany Hall thought it deserved. If reform reappears from the purgatorial—to use a very mild phrase—from the purgatorial conditions to which it was assigned, it was because the head of Tammany Hall thought it was time to let up a little on reform and bring it out where it might have a little relief from the tortures under which it has been suffering.

Both Mayor Hewitt and Joel B. Erhardt, who had been a Commissioner, spoke of the evils that flowed from the bi-partisan police commission. Dr. Paddock declared that immediately upon the publication of Bishop Potter's letter the district Tammany Hall leader, Martin Engel, the Assemblyman Isidore Cohen, and the Senator Timothy D. Sullivan offered to close up the disreputable houses in the district, and they were closed within twenty-four hours. But he added : "It is needless for me to say that in a very few days they were opened up again." He spoke of the danger to which witnesses were exposed. "I can give you instances of men and women who have been put out of their homes, whose very shops have been closed, and whose livelihood has been endangered because they have been willing to testify."

SHAME AND DISGRACE

At this meeting a Committee of Fifteen was appointed. One of its first tasks was to petition the Legislature to abolish the Police Board. Governor Roosevelt recommended this in his usual forcible manner. The Act was passed. It provided for the appointment of a single Commissioner of Police. Mayor Van Wyck appointed to this office Michael C. Murphy, who had the effrontery, after all that had happened, to appoint Devery as his deputy.

Meanwhile the Committee of Fifteen procured the indictment of the keepers of many gambling and disreputable houses and of police officers charged with extortion.

The entire want of sympathy that Mr. Croker and Commissioner Murphy had for these attempts to rid the city of its greatest shame was shown in the fact that when Glennon, Shields, and Dwyer, of the infamous Tenderloin district, were arrested on warrants

charging them with willful neglect of duty and were indicted on the 22d of August, Murphy went through the form of suspending them from duty, but Devery remonstrated and they were at once restored to duty and pay.

One of the most extraordinary features of this campaign was a raid that was made under the direction of my friend Edward Sandford, the Assistant District Attorney, upon the "Webster Hotel," as it was called, in East Fifteenth Street. Police Captain Glennon, who was an active Tammany politician, was found in the back room of the first floor talking in a friendly manner with the woman who kept the place. When the raiders entered, he was naturally much surprised.

Meanwhile Devery was doing all in his power to compel policemen to continue the business of blackmailing. When a man named O'Neill refused to carry it on, Devery openly insulted and abused him. Devery was indicted for a misdemeanor and using his official position as a means of oppression. To counter this thrust he made a charge of insubordination against O'Neill, and induced Murphy to dismiss the patrolman. In all this infamous career Devery seemed to have the continued support of the Mayor. Not even in the days of Tweed was there such vulgar insolence and brutality as Devery showed in his position of First Deputy, and we never had a Mayor in my time to whom

such brutality and insolence seemed so congenial as they did to Robert A. Van Wyck.

Thus have I told the story of Tammany Hall as a political organization for fifty years. The administrations of McClellan and Gaynor are so fresh in the public mind and will be canvassed so fully in the approaching campaign that I need not speak of them. But justice requires me to add that in this same organization whose misdeeds I have told there have been many upright men who have sincerely believed that more good, on the whole, could be accomplished and more evil prevented by membership in the organization than by fighting it. One of them, Morgan J. O'Brien, was renominated and elected unanimously as Justice of the Supreme Court in 1900; another, Judge James A. O'Gorman, is now United States Senator from New York. No society that is wholly bad can long endure. It is the good qualities of men like these, and the loyalty of the great body of its members, that have given to Tammany Hall many of its victories. Dissensions among its adversaries have also been its effective allies. By repeated struggles the independent citizens of New York, who really hold the balance of power, have already improved the administration of the affairs of our imperial New York. It is for us to remember still that eternal vigilance is the price of honest and efficient government, as well as of liberty.

WHAT ABOUT TEXT-BOOKS?

BY CHARLES H. THURBER

WHATEVER else foreign visitors find to criticise in our school system, they always praise our text-books. Our teachers are so used to having good books at their command that they take it as a matter of course. But the German or the Englishman who sees our school-books marvels that such good things can be. They are no part of his working world.

Here is the testimony of a trained English observer on the importance and excellence of our school-books:

The method of actual teaching in American schools differs much from that in use in England. It centers in the text-book. Nothing strikes an English teacher more forcibly on first listening

to lessons in American schools than the important place the text-book takes. . . . The success of the method is aided in America by several conditions, as yet rare in England. First, the text-books there are much better than ours. . . . Often a teacher in England cannot make her pupils depend on themselves for getting up a subject, because the only text-book that can be afforded is meager or even obsolete, and she is the only person who has access to a really good book. (Burtsall: "Education of Girls in America.")

Those who know, in every land, agree that the schools of these United States have the best text-books on earth.

Best, not cheapest. But do we want the cheapest? If we do, perhaps we can get

them, though we may not be able quite to equal the Chinese in that unless we let in the Chinaman to do the work. To give equal privileges to all the people has been, and is, the ideal under whose inspiration the citizens of this Republic cheerfully contribute nearly five hundred million dollars yearly to the support of our public schools. No other nation begins to spend so much as we do for education. Yet, according to the United States Commissioner of Education (Report, 1911, Vol. II, p. xxxiii), the expenditure in 1910 for text-books and *other instruction supplies* in the common schools was just over six million dollars, one and one-half per cent of the whole amount expended for schools. Taking high schools with common schools, the expenditure for text-books per pupil is between sixty and seventy-five cents a year, and the total not far from twelve million dollars a year. This, while not a very large sum in these days, does sound rather large, after all, for the school-book business of this country, until you stop to remember that there are some twenty million children in the public schools and more than a hundred firms publishing text-books, not reckoning a multitude of small concerns that publish a few books and get each some share of the business. Chewing-gum costs us more than text-books.

People do not know these facts, so that every now and then a "reformer" gets a hearing when he starts after the "School Book Trust, a powerful and arrogant combination which is taking out of the education of American youth all the private toll that can be obtained." Sometimes the reformer is honest but misinformed; sometimes he certainly has his own ax to grind, it may be in the form of a State Printing Office which can be made to furnish jobs for a multitude of the faithful. California tried this plan for many years, and of the results the San Francisco "Chronicle" said, January 17, 1911:

The books when printed at the State Printing Office and sold at cost are carrying much higher prices than precisely the same books are being sold for to pupils in other States.

"Precisely the same books" were in this case not *precisely* the same, for though California rented the plates of its books from the publishers who owned them, and therefore had the same words on the pages, paper, presswork, and binding were all inferior to the work turned out by the publishers themselves. Kansas is now, apparently, to try

the same experiment, urged on by the cry that it will save the people of the State over two hundred thousand dollars a year. Now Kansas has uniform, State-adopted books, has had them for years, and a very accurate record of the actual sales of text-books in Kansas is available. The fact is that text-books for the common schools have cost Kansas about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars annually. Now to save two hundred thousand dollars a year on something which costs only one hundred and seventy-five thousand is a task which would appall most of us—outside of Kansas.

To be called a trust when you are a trust is bad enough, but when you are not a trust, and have no chance of becoming one, it calls for the cry, "Fair play, gentlemen." Whether there ever was a school-book trust or not, there certainly is none to-day, nor has there been for many years. You will find on file in Texas, as required by the law of that State, where there is a uniform, State-adopted list of text-books, affidavits from all the school-book publishers who bid for business, each stating that that particular firm is not connected either directly or indirectly with a trust. But you may not put your faith in affidavits. These affidavits, however, are backed by bonds so large, not less than twenty thousand dollars for each book adopted, that no firm would think of forfeiting them, and the law states that the Attorney-General of the State shall bring suit and collect the *full amount of the bond* in case any affidavit is found to be false. When the bids were opened in Austin last September, forty-nine publishers were competing for State business under the stringent requirements of the law. Texas has a record for knowing what to do with trusts, yet at least forty-nine text-book publishers are shown by the official records, open to all men, to be at peace with Texas. It seems hardly necessary to adduce further proof that there is no such thing as a school-book trust.

Those inside the school-book business believe it is improving in many ways. The books are very much better than they were—any one can prove this by comparing the best text-books of to-day with the best twenty or even ten years ago; and, while the cost of production has increased, the actual selling price shows, on the average, a decrease of more than ten per cent in twenty-five years. A generation ago the price of a large geography was two dollars; to-day a very much

better book of the same grade sells for not more than one dollar and twenty-five cents. The personnel of the business has probably improved; certainly it will not suffer by comparison with any other line of business whatever. Most of those in the business are college educated, many have had successful teaching experience, and not a few have held high positions in school work.

The making of text-books is a fine art which few master. That, in a word, explains why one book is better than another. If I wrote poetry, no magazine of standing would print it if I paid for it; but with Kipling it is different. So with those who aspire to write school-books; one lacks style, another rides a hobby, a third lacks a wide enough experience, and many lack the requisite scholarship. When a text-book publisher has a series of books that have been tested and not found wanting—and be sure that it has taken years of the hardest kind of work, much money ventured, and much lost in unsuccessful experiments—he still has before him ever-present troubles and expenses that no other publisher dreams of, for a text-book must be kept up to date all the time. Every history that touches modern times must have something added to it every year. Every map of Africa must be changed on account of the Boer War, China must be made a republic wherever it is mentioned in any book, Tripoli must be made a part of Italy, and what changes the Balkan War will bring on we can begin to imagine. The United States Census every ten years costs the text-book publisher, especially the geography publisher, more in proportion than it costs the Government. Between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars have been spent in a single year, after the census returns began to come out, by one publishing house in correcting the plates of one series of geographies, this without counting the loss of stock that had to be destroyed. Moreover, the first cost of text-books is vastly greater than that of any other books, first cost meaning the cost of setting the type, making the electrotype plates, and the illustrations and maps where these are required—and no other books use maps and illustrations so abundantly. The cost of maps for a series of geographies may be forty thousand dollars, and the entire first cost of such a series more than a hundred thousand dollars. The first cost of a primer runs from two to four thousand dollars, and is always a large sum because of the numerous pictures, for

which the best illustrators must be employed. Compare these prices with that of the ordinary novel, whose first cost will hardly exceed six hundred dollars and may be less, yet the selling price of the novel is from one dollar and twenty-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents, and the primer sells for twenty-five or thirty cents!

Without any necessity for text-book publishers to go up and down the land in an effort to increase the variety of books called for, the variety does increase, and rapidly, because education itself is developing rapidly. New subjects are being added to the course of study, and not many of the old ones are dropping out of sight. Twenty years ago who ever heard of agriculture as a school subject? The phrase "vocational training" had not been minted; manual training, domestic science, even physiology and hygiene were scarcely on the educational horizon. To-day the schools call, not for one text-book in agriculture, but for six at least, and no one knows at this writing just how far-reaching a revolution vocational training is destined to work in our school system. Ask the leaders in any of these new fields what they need imperatively and at once, and nine out of ten of them will say text-books. There are as yet almost no teachers specially trained for some of these newer lines, but with a good book a teacher who is not a specialist can get good results, while without the book he is almost helpless. I don't know who can write these books, and I wish I did. The text-book publisher with ideals of service—and there are such—is constantly perplexed at the demands on both his intellectual and financial resources by the rapid development of the field of school activities.

Much might be said, much has been said, about the various ways in which the book gets from the printing office to the pupil's hand. Here again the publisher follows the public. If the community adopts the plan of furnishing text-books free, a very good plan, or leaves the parents to purchase the books, or if a State adopts a uniform series of books, the publisher has the choice of doing no business or doing it in the way prescribed. And while as a matter of convenience the publisher may like one way better than another, he must adapt his methods to any reasonable requirements. Unreasonable requirements are never made by reasonable men when they know the facts.

To see ourselves again as others see us we

may quote Professor Mark, of Victoria University, Manchester, England, in his book, "Individuality and the Moral Aim in American Education :"

Publisher and editor are an important *tiers état* in the educational community of which the children are the noblesse and the educators the professional class. The large publishing firms of America have upon their staff experienced educationists who are capable alike of judging the tendencies and demands of the hour and of forestalling . . . demands for something in advance of immediate needs. Text-book companies are, therefore, a possible factor in educational advance. . . . Special progress has been made in this way in children's literature, and, what is perhaps even more important, a generation of writers is springing up whose talents are flowing out in this direction and producing brightly written children's books, which are well illustrated and attractively bound.

This means that there is in our country an open door which under present conditions will be kept open to authors and would-be

authors, furnishing an incentive for hundreds of teachers to keep at work in devising new methods of teaching and in shaping up material for possible text-books, which is of the greatest importance in making a live instead of a dead educational world.

It is not necessary to claim perfection for our text-books and their publishers any more than for anything else on this imperfect earth. But it does seem fair to claim that the text-book business is a necessary part of our educational system, that the authors of our text-books—a roll of honor containing the names of hundreds of our most respected scholars and teachers—have done and are doing a great service to the teaching profession and to the schools, and that the publishers of text-books are competing as keenly as any class of business men ever competed, from which competition results a higher quality of books every year.

THE HEIRS OF FATE

BY LUCY PRATT

MISS MATILDA MORSE was going back to Massachusetts. She had a discontented notion that one of the primary objects of her short sojourn in the South had not been satisfactorily accomplished. This matter of racial impression was such an illusive thing, especially with the children, and it was the children that had particularly interested her. But now she was going back, feeling perhaps more at sea in regard to the future possibilities and probabilities for the young Afro-American than she had felt upon her arrival.

She wandered out of the Whittier School yard and then turned and looked back. She had been watching classes of small children there most of the afternoon. But they had gone now. To be sure, there were three or four of them still hopping about in the big yard, but the school building was empty for the rest of the day.

As Miss Matilda's eyes wandered in thought, they stopped a moment on the hopping figures in the big yard. Then she retraced her steps.

"Why do you stay so late?" she inquired, looking down in a generally impersonal way at the small company before her. There

was one there whom she thought she knew by name.

"Why do you stay so late, Ezekiel?" she ventured. "Isn't it time to get home?"

"Yas'm—no'm—I ain' 'bliged go home yit," came the breezy rejoinder.

"No'm, we ain' 'bliged go home twell we wants ter," agreed the others, harmoniously.

Miss Matilda looked at them with curiously combating expressions of countenance. Then she felt a sudden glow both of hope and resolve.

"I wish we might have some little—perhaps some little game together, before we go home for the night," she suggested. They looked at her in consternation.

"Yas'm; does yer want ter play a game, Miss Mo'se?" inquired Ezekiel, uneasily.

Miss Matilda hesitated.

"Well, perhaps—not a game exactly." She glanced speculatively at the overhanging tree beside them. "Let's sit down a moment," she concluded, recklessly.

They looked uneasy, not to say doubtful.

"Let's have a little talk!" went on Miss Matilda, with both growing confidence and enthusiasm, and dropping down, in what might have passed for an almost careless manner,

on the stubbly grass. "As I was watching you this afternoon I was wondering what was going to become of you all," she suggested, cheerfully.

Real alarm appeared to take possession of them, just for the moment, but Miss Matilda went on, soothingly:

"I suppose you have all sorts of plans in your heads. In some ways it must be a real privilege to belong to your—to your race."

They were making brave efforts at sympathetic attention, but their glances were a shade wild.

"I suppose you are planning, like so many others, to go out and uplift your people when you are old enough." This sounded more homelike.

"Yas'm, I'se gwine uplif' my people," agreed Ezekiel in smooth, sure tones.

"I'se gwine uplif' my people, too!"

"I'se gwine uplif' my people, too!"

"Yas'm, I'se gwine uplif' my people, too!"

There was something almost magical about this swift, sure harmony. Miss Matilda fairly beamed on them. They were the coming generation. They were the Heirs of Fate. But already they had visions of reversing some of fate's old decrees. In their hearts they were already among the chosen who should lead their people to the Promised Land.

"Sit down—sit down!" urged Miss Matilda. She drew a deep, shivering breath.

"It's so encouraging that you feel that way about it. To uplift the ignorant," she soliloquized. "What a privilege!"

"Yas'm, cert'nly mus' uplif' 'em," came the pleasant murmur.

"Yer mus' uplif' de culled people," assured Ezekiel again, with growing certainty.

"Of course, almost any race needs uplifting in—in spots," suggested Miss Matilda, broadly. "I suppose even the white race might bear *some* uplifting."

"Yas'm, yer mus' uplif' de culled people, 'n' yer mus' uplif' de w'ite people too," agreed Ezekiel, positively spacious in effect.

"But, of course, you are more interested in your own race, naturally," hinted Miss Matilda, anxious to keep to the main issue, "and I suppose you will find enough—well, enough ignorance there to keep you occupied," she encouraged.

"Yas'm, de culled people's ser ign'rant, look like sometime yer cyan' sca'cely do nuthin' wid 'em. De w'ite people's kine o' ign'rant, too—sometime." Universal sorrow still darkened his meditations. "W'y, it's a

w'ite gen'leman once where's ser ign'rant—w'y, he's ser ign'rant he'd jes' se' down in a cheer 'n' stay dere."

"He certainly couldn't have been very bright to stay in one spot all the time," put in Miss Matilda, helpfully.

"No'm, he cert'nly's r'al ign'rant."

"In what other ways did he show his ignorance?"

"Well, look like he show it in all *kine* o' ways. W'y, one mawnin' he's a-settin' dere 'bout breakfus' time, 'n' yer kin see he ain' gwine move fer nobody, nurrer. 'Cuz co'se dey's cook'n' breakfus', 'n' de lady where's ma'ied to 'im, she's a-fryin' poke chops on de fiah. But she allays speak r'al pleasant to 'im, too, so she say dey's gwine tas'e r'al good w'en dey's done, ain' dey?"

"Well, he's ser ign'rant, he ain' mek no 'sponse, 't all. He look at 'er 'n' kine o' smile, 'n' dat's all. So she ax 'im will he watch 'em fer a minute, w'ile she run out 'n' git some wood. So he set dere in 'is cheer 'n' watch de poke chops.

"'N' dey 'mence ter splutter 'n' jump a li'l, 'n' he set dere a-watchin' 'em, 'n' dey 'mence ter git r'al nice 'n' brown, 'n' he set dere a-watchin' 'em, 'n' den dey 'mence ter jump up a li'l mo', 'n' he set dere a-watchin' 'em, 'n' dey 'mence a-shootin' out li'l sparks, 'n' he set dere a-watchin' 'em, 'n' den dey 'mence ter catch fiah 'n' blaze up on de stove, 'n' still he set dere a-watchin' 'em.

"Co'se ef he ain' ser ign'rant he woul'd 'a' done like dat, but he 'member w'at she say, 'n' he set der a-watchin' twell de fiah 'mence ter leap 'n' burn clare up fru de roof, 'n' fall down 'n' start burnin' up de flo', 'n' still he set dere a-watchin' twell it ketch 'is feet 'n' 'mence burnin' 'is shoes off, 'n' still he set dere a-watchin'.

"But de lady she come back den, 'n' she seen way it wuz, 'n' she spoke awful quick, too.

"I tole yer ter watch de fiah," she say.

"'N' he ain' mek no 'sponse at fus', but jes' smile at 'er 'n' look down.

"'I is watchin' it,' he say.

"Co'se she's mad, 'n' yit she's kine o' frighten', too.

"'Watchin' it,' she say; 'w'y, yer's afiah, man!' she say. 'Jes' looker yer feet, man!' she say.

"Well, ef he ain' been ser ign'rant he'd 'a' start wo'yin', 'isself, by dat time, but he jes' lean back r'al easy 'n' smile 'n' look downagin.

"'I ain' petic'ler 'bout my feet,' he answer.

"Co'se she's s'prise' at de way he spoke, 'n' she shown it, too. So he smile at 'er agin.

"No, I ain' niver cyare nuth'n' 'bout my feet,' he say.

"Well, it's good thing yer ain't,' she answer 'im, 'cuz yer's los' 'em, anyway.'

"De fiah keep right on burnin' ez she spoke, 'n' presently it 'mence ter burn de gen'leman's coat off.

"Yer coat's afiah,' she say, 'n' he jes' lean back easier 'n befo'.

"I ain' niver cyare nuth'n' 'bout my coat,' he answer 'er.

"Well, 'tain' done yer no good ef yer is,' she answer 'im, 'cuz yer's lose it, anyway.'

"Co'se de fiah keep right on burnin', ez she spoke, 'n' she look up at de roof.

"I 'spec' de roof's gwine fall in on yer nex', she say.

"Ef he gotten good sense, he'd seen she's right 'bout it, too, but he jes' lean back 'n' smile some mo'.

"I guess 'tain' nuth'n' gwine fall in on me,' he say.

"N' ez he spoken de words de roof fall in on 'im, 'n' broke 'is arms 'n' 'is laigs off.

"W'at yer gwine say now?' she ax 'im.

"Oh, I ain' niver cyare nuth'n' 'bout my arms 'n' laigs,' he answer 'er.

"Yer's ser ign'rant, dat's de reason, I s'pose,' she say. 'N' at de ve'y minute she spoke some mo' o' de roof fall in—'n' knock de gen'leman's haid off.

"Is yer kill'?' she ax 'im.

"No, I ain' kill', he answer.

"Well, I doan' know ef yer is or not,' she say, 'but look ter me like yer's disable', anyhow.'

"He ain' mak no 'sponse to 'er, 'n' she listen. 'N' den she know it's de las' words he's gwine speak. So she turn roun' ter go out, 'n' she look awful discour'ge', too. 'Cuz de las' words he *is* speak mek 'im look ser ign'rant."

Miss Matilda half rose, and then she seated herself once more.

"I suppose that—that circumstance goes to prove that white people may sometimes be very ignorant, doesn't it?"

"Yas'm, sometime," agreed Ezekiel, "'n' sometim' dey ain', nurrer. W'y, 'twuz anudder gen'leman, anudder w'ite gen'leman, 'n' he ain' nuth'n' *but learnin'*."

"Oh, I see. That was quite a different case, wasn't it?"

"Yas'm. W'y, he ain' niver move ner speak lessen he gotten fo'-five books un'er 'is

arm. 'N' w'en he is speak, trouble is he know ser much he couldn' niver seem ter stop. So dey's 'blige be r'al cyareful w'at dey ax 'im, too.

"W'y, one day 'is li'l boy come in 'n' ax 'im kin he go a-fishin'.

"Co'se 'is books is all pile' up eroun' 'im ser high couldn' nobody r'ally see 'im, 'n' w'n he spoke couldn' nobody r'ally hyeah 'im ve'y good nurrer. So de li'l boy gotten 'im a ladder, 'n' he putten it up siden de do', 'n' climb up 'n' se' down atop o' de ladder where he kin see 'n' hyeah, too.

"Well, co'se de trouble wuz, w'en de gen'leman start ter tell 'im kin he *go*—w'y, de trouble wuz he gotten too much learnin'. So he talk mos' all de mawnin', twell it gotten kine o' wea'ysome fer de li'l boy where 's settin' up atop o' de ladder waitin', 'n' he kine o' fergit 'isself 'n' spoke too.

"Well, *kin I go*?' he ax.

"Co'se 'tain' no way ter do, 'n' de gen'leman tole 'im he ain' show'n' no respect', 'n' ef he wants ter go, w'y, he kin wait a minute twell he kin *tell* 'im kin he go.

"But it's jes' de same trouble 's befo'. He gotten too much learnin'. 'N' he talk all day 'n' all night, 'n' de li'l boy kine o' shif' 'imself a li'l on de ladder.

"Well, *kin I go*?' he ax.

"Co'se he wouldn' 'a' done it ef 'tain' gotten ser wea'ysome fer 'im, 'n' de gen'leman look at 'im r'al hard.

"Well, I'se gwine *tell* yer kin yer go, ef yer'll given me time fer it,' he say.

"N' den he start in ag'in, 'n' he talk fer mos' a week, 'n' de li'l boy turn 'isself a li'l on de ladder.

"But he keep right on, 'cuz he gotten ser much learnin' he cyan' stop. 'N' he talk all summer 'n' all winter, twell seem like it gotten awful wea'ysome, 'n' de li'l boy kine o' risen up on de ladder 'n' given 'isself a li'l shek.

"I wish I ain' niver ax yer,' he say.

"Well, he knowed jes' soon's he's spoke he ain' oughter 'a' done it, 'n' 'tain' done 'im no good nurrer. 'Cuz w'at yer s'pose de gen'leman done? W'y, he say ef dat's de way he feel 'bout it, ter jes' set dere a minute twell he mek a li'l refe'nence to 'is books.

"N' de li'l boy stretch out 'is laigs, 'n' de gen'leman mek a refe'nence to 'is books, 'n' den he tell 'im, well, he's 'cide 'bout it now, 'n' he kin *go*, 'cuz dat's de way he *is* 'cide it, 'n' he'll tell 'im w'y.

"De li'l boy stan' right up 'n' turn clare way roun' w'en he spoke like dat, 'n' den he

se' down again. 'N' de gen'leman 'mence ter tell 'im w'y.

"But it's de same trouble's befo'. He gotten too much learnin'. 'N' de li'l' boy set dere 'n' listen twell he 'mence feelin' kine o' dull 'n' ole. 'N' he kin see de summer gwine out de do' 'n' de winter lookin' in fru de winder—but he ain' move, he set dere 'n' listen, twell de winter's gwine off too, 'n' de summer's lookin' in ag'in, sump'n' like a smile, 'n' de birds out yonder's a-singin' on de trees—'n' still he set dere 'n' listen. He ain' r'ally move twell de leaves 'mence ter blow up 'g'inst de winder-pane, 'n' it's a cole win' a-hu'yin' pas' de house. 'N' den he knowed de winter's comin' back. 'N' de li'l' boy stan' up 'n' speak.

"'I reckon I ain' cyare nuth'n' 'bout gwine, anyway,' he say. 'N' he start ter come down de ladder. But seem like he feel kine o' stiff 'n' ole. 'N' time he reach de bottom o' de ladder he stretch out 'is arms 'n' 'is laigs, 'n' look up at de daid leaves where's hittin' 'g'inst de pane. 'N' he stan' dere on de flo' 'n' shiver.

"'W'at mek yer ax me, ef yer doan' want'er go?' de gen'leman say.

"'I dunno,' li'l' boy answer, 'n' he stretch 'isself out ag'in 'n' walk off by 'isself.

"'N' af' dat, he ain' nuver ax nobody nuth'n' ag'in. 'Cuz eve'y time he start ter, he 'members 'bout de answers ter some kine o' questions bein' ser long a-comin'—'n' he 'cide—well, he 'cide 'tain' sense ter ax 'em."

"Of course, I don't wonder," reflected Miss Matilda, reasonably. "Was this—this particular gentleman that you speak of, supposed to be white, too?"

"Yas, 'm. 'N' look like it's jes' de trouble wid 'em. Sometime dey doan' git 'nough learnin' 'n' sometime dey git too much. It's jes' one man I hyeah 'bout once where's r'ally gotten 'nough 'n' yit not *too* much. 'Cuz he ain't ign'rant, 'n' yet he ain' *all* learnin' nurrer. He's jes' 'bout half learnin', I reckon. So yer' s'pose he'd be 'bout right. 'N' yit dat's jes' de trouble wid 'im. 'Cuz 'counten only bein' half learnin', w'y, co'se half de time he show it, 'n' half de time he doan't. So yer couldn' r'ally depen' on 'im. 'Cuz one day he's all learnin', 'n' nex' day he's jes' completely ign'rant. 'N' eve'y time w'en dey wek up in de mawnin' dey's allays 'blige' stop 'n' think w'at day is it. 'Cuz ef 'tain' de right day fer 'im, w'y, den co'se it's de wrong day, 'n' dey know dey cyan' change it.

"But one mawnin' dey wek up, 'n' dey seem ter be kine o' confuse 'bout it. De two li'l' gyurls where 'longs to 'im, dey ain' no sooner wek up 'n' dey start quar'lin' 'bout it, anyway. 'Cuz dey's fixin' fer a picnic, 'n' co'se dey has ter know *is* it de right day fer it. But dey got quar'lin' ser bad dey mamma come in, 'n' co'se dey's 'blige' tell 'er w'at's de matter.

"'Pshaw,' she say, kine o' stoppin' ter think 'bout it, 'pshaw, I cyan' 'member, myself,' she say. 'N' she look up at de bird where's settin' in de li'l' brass cage in de winder, ez she spoke. De chil'ren look up, too, 'n' den dey start quar'lin' worse 'n' befo'. 'Cuz co'se dey jes' gotten de li'l' bird fer a present, 'n' co'se dey kin see ef it's de *wrong day*, 'n' dey goes off 'n' leaves dey papa by 'isself, w'y, he'll let 'er outen de li'l' brass cage—'n' she'll fly erway.

"So dey's cryin', 'n' de bird's a-lookin' at 'em, 'n' singin' in de cage, 'n' dey mamma's tryin' ter 'member is it de right day or ain't it, 'n' jes' at dat ve'y minute dey papa come in.

"'Hole on, now,' she say, 'I'se gwine ax yer papa 'bout it, 'isself.'

"So she set righ' down 'n' she look at 'im. 'n' she say she's axin' fer a pu'pose, but w'at she want'er know is—*is it* de day w'en he show 'is learnin', or is it de day w'en he's ser ign'rant yer cyan' r'ally trus' 'im?"

"Well, he stop 'n' he look back ez ef he's studyin' 'bout it, too. 'N' den he answer 'n' say w'y, he doan' know, he cyan' 'member. He doan' r'ally know *which* day is it.

"'N' den de chil'ren cry ag'in, 'n' de bird look at 'em 'n' hop eroun' de li'l' brass cage 'n' sing awful loud, 'n' dey papa rub 'is han's up fru 'is ha'r 'n' look like he doan' know w'at ter do nex'.

"'Hole on a minute,' he say, 'n' he gotten out a paper 'n' pencil 'n' start wukkin' it out.

"Dey stop cryin' den, but dey mamma spoke.

"'Doan' look ter me like sense ter run no resks,' she say, 'n' ef it's de wrong day fer yer, yer couldn' wuk it out right, anyway,' she say.

"He lay down de pencil den, 'n' rub 'is han's up fru 'is ha'r 'g'in.

"'Well, kin yer prove it's de wrong day?' he ax. 'Ain't I ign'rant yes'erday?' he ax. 'Ain't it yes'erday I eaten up my bes' hat?' he ax.

"'I doan' know,' she say, lookin' awful discour'ge, 'I doan' know ef it's yes'erday yer eaten up yer bes' hat or not,' she say.

"De bird 'mence ter hop 'n' sing like she gwine bus 'erself den, 'n' de chil'ren 'mence

ter cry ser loud couldn't nobody hyeah nuth'n'.

"'Hole on, now,' dey papa holler. 'I 'members all 'bout it now!' he holler. 'I 'members all 'bout it! Yer kin go! Yer kin go off on yer picnic. It's de day w'en I'se all learnin'!'

"So dey all uv 'em jump up 'n' laf, 'n' nex' yer know, dey's gwine down de steps wid dey bastiks on dey arms. 'N' de strange thing wuz, w'en he seen 'em gwine erlong like dat, wid dey bastiks on dey arms, he rub 'is han's up fru 'is ha'r 'gin, 'n' stan' dere thinkin'.

"'I won'er ef I'se mek a mistek,' he say, 'n' de gate slam, 'n' he's ser frighten' he run down de steps 'n' jes stan' dere lookin'. 'Cuz he know now he's mek a mistek 'n' it's de *wrong day*.

"'Come back!' he holler. 'Come back! I'se gwine turn de bird loose! Come back!'

"But dey ain' hyeah nuth'n', 'n' he run back in de house—'n' de bird's kine o' crouchin' in 'er cage. But 'tain' mek no diffunce. He open de do'—'n' she look at 'im ez ef fer help—'n' den she fly erway

"'N' he feel ser kine o' discou'ge' w'en he seen de li'l' cage a-hangin' dere empty, he look eroun' ez ef fer help, too—'n' den he stab 'isself in de ribs, 'n' den he chop up all de furniture, 'n' den he run ouden de house 'n' down de steps, 'n' den he run off fas' 's he kin.

"'N' w'en dey come back in de evenin' wid dey bastiks on dey arms, 'tain' no sign uv 'im now'eres, 'n' all dey foun' wuz de li'l' brass cage a-hangin' dere empty—'n' a note

pin' up on de gate where say he's gone off ter jine de missiona'ies."

Miss Matilda rose to her feet and looked down.

"And *that* goes to prove, I suppose, that even a reasonable amount of education isn't always safe?" She glanced briefly at the sky. "It is getting late," she said, "and we have wandered a little from the point. We were talking about uplifting your people—weren't we?"

"Yas'm, I'se gwine uplif' my people. I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people, too."

Miss Matilda glanced down again. The Heirs of Fate were still before her.

"'Cuz look like some uv 'em gotten too much learnin', 'n' some uv 'em ain' gotten 'nough, or else dey gotten jes' de right 'mount 'n' den yer cyan' r'ally trus' 'em, nurrer."

Once more Miss Matilda recalled one of the primary objects of her visit to the South.

"Yes—of course," she hesitated, "but I expect to go back home to-morrow, where they are *all* white, more or less. Can I take them any—message from you? They are so much interested in what you are all going to do—for—for—"

"Yas'm, I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people," chanted Ezekiel, evenly.

"I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people, too."

"I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people, too."

"I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people, too," agreed the harmonious body, in a smooth, swelling cadence.

Miss Matilda turned and walked slowly from the yard—while under the spreading tree the Heirs of Fate dreamed on, only waiting for their God-given, appointed work.

AN AUTUMN SONG

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Slow reddening dawns and early purpling eves
Lit by the glamour of the vesper star;
Under the noon a wind that faintly grieves
Behind the hills afar.

A surge of hastening wings toward distant seas
Beneath the azure of the tropic day;
O'er all the land resplendent tapestries
That fade like dreams away.

Beauty about us in alluring guise,
Her radiant path by golden gossamer crossed,
And yet at heart, perceived in subtle wise,
A sense of something lost.

THE DEVILS OF BUNDU

BY J. H. PATTERSON

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN-EATERS OF TSAVO"

THERE must be a huge magnet somewhere in the heart of Africa, and every unfortunate traveler who once penetrates deep into this mysterious continent is fated sooner or later to come under its potent influence. No matter what his trials, privations, and miseries may have been, no sooner does he get to civilization than the magnet begins to pull on his heartstrings and before he is aware he finds himself again wending his way to some portion of the Dark Continent.

I had traveled in the north, south, and east of this ever-interesting land, but until two winters ago I had never visited that part of it known as the West Coast. My interest in this particular region was aroused by a casual meeting with a man who had had a wide experience of the West African Coast. He spoke of vast forests of oil palms; extraordinary peoples yet dwelling in darkest heathendom, having quaint, fearsome, and bloody rites—subjected, even at the present day, to dreadful fetishes at the hands of the wily and cunning witch doctor. Above all, he told me of a mysterious waterfall in the heart of Sierra Leone, to approach which meant, the natives said, death in the cruel clutches of the "devil" which lived in the whirlpool at the foot of the falls.

This was most interesting to me, so I determined to go and unravel the mystery of the devil and all his works on the spot, and at the same time investigate the possibilities of the fall with a view of installing a hydro-electrical power plant within the devil's domain if circumstances justified such a scheme. I therefore organized a small scientific expedition, the European members of which consisted of Mr. Pelly, Mr. Risch, Mr. Hollenweger, and myself.

On the way by rail into the interior from Freetown, the queer capital of Sierra Leone, we made our first acquaintance with the Bundu devils. A special parade of these forbidding-looking creatures was arranged in our honor at a village on the line.

At Blama we left the railway. This is a most important trading center, whence a vast quantity of palm kernels are despatched to the coast every year. It is situated in the

heart of great forests of oil palms, from which the natives derive an easy and comfortable living. The trees propagate themselves, require very little attention, bear the palm fruit in the course of a few years, and provide the owner with practically everything he wants. There are millions of these trees in Sierra Leone which are never touched from one year's end to the other, and the produce, which the soap-makers and others are eager to handle, falls to the ground and rots there for want of an adequate system of collecting it and putting it on the markets of the world. I dare say that time will right all this. Want of population is one reason for this sinful waste of a much-needed product. I am glad to say that under the beneficent rule now established by the Colonial Government the population is increasing rapidly; the people are taught to live in a more healthful manner, to build their villages on high ground instead of on low, malaria-infected swamps, as was their custom. Intertribal warfare, too, which used to wipe out whole sections of the community, is now absolutely prohibited. Infanticide is less often practiced, and altogether the people are becoming much more civilized than they were even a dozen years ago.

At Blama I met Joe Mendi, who was to act as my guide, philosopher, and friend for the rest of the way. He was a very intelligent native and spoke English fairly well. He not only acted as my interpreter, but he also insisted on carrying me on his back when we came to a stream or swamp in the course of the day's march. He was a cheery, pleasant fellow, and belonged to the great Mendi nation, who inhabit a large part of the Protectorate of Sierra Leone.

The Mendi tribe have been noted in the past for their dark deeds and ferocious cruelty. In comparatively recent years, when the tribe mutinied, they indulged in the gentle sport of cutting the white American missionaries into pieces by sawing them up with barbed wire. It is undoubtedly a very peculiar country, this hinterland of Sierra Leone. Its dark, impenetrable bush is the home of the Poro and Bundu "devils," who work their wicked spells on this primitive people. The Poro is a secret society for men,

and the leaders of this society keep the whole country more or less in their grip. If a man is to be murdered, or a war made, or anything else to be done of an important nature, a Poro is made, and woe betide anybody who disobeys its orders. The Bundu is a secret society for women; they are initiated at about the age of twelve years, and should a girl attempt to betray any of the secrets of the society a Bundu devil comes for her and she is taken into the sacred Bundu bush and never heard of again. There are many other offshoots from these secret societies, the most notorious being the dread Leopard Society. When a man or woman or child is to be removed, the society names a "Leopard" for the task, and he dresses in a leopard skin, fastens iron claws on his hands, and takes up a position near some gloomy path in the bush where he knows his man will pass. The moment the unsuspecting victim comes along the Leopard springs on him and tears his throat to pieces with his iron claws. The body is then taken away and devoured by the members of the society. The horrible custom exists to this very day, in spite of all the efforts of the British Government to stamp it out, and when I was in Freetown a Leopard who had been caught red-handed at his gruesome work was hanged.

One afternoon, as I was strolling through a pretty village of the palms called Boadjibu, I observed a small party resting under the shade of a tree. I was immediately struck with the appearance of the man in the center of the group, who was evidently the leader. He was commanding in stature and of a good countenance, gentleness and humility being the chief characteristics of his well-marked features. He appeared to me to be a Moor from North Africa, and as I came near I gave him the usual Mohammedan salutation. His face shone with joy as he heard his language spoken so far from his native home by a white man. He invited me to be seated, one of his followers finding me a block of wood to rest on, and we entered into a most friendly conversation. It appeared that he was of Moorish descent and was a Shereef, or Holy Man, from the Saharan Haud. He had walked all the way from the interior of the far-away desert, preaching the Mohammedan faith to the heathen as he passed. He was now ill and in a very low state of health, so I asked him how he got on for food and medicine. He replied that he had started from his home

with nothing in his hand or wallet; that God had cared for him through many perils and dangers, and would, if he thought well, succor him even now in his extremity. On inquiring if he had had any success as a missionary, he pointed to his half-dozen disciples reclining near and told me that he had rescued these from a pagan tribe, and when he had taught them the full way of truth and life he would send each one out into the wilderness to bring their pagan brothers into the fold, for in this way is the faith of Islam spread. He told me that the local chief was hostile to him, and that when he knelt down to pray the heathen villagers openly laughed at and reviled him.

When we left Boadjibu, we said good-by to the Government road and struck into the native trail through the bush. We traversed some magnificent palm country, and Joe Mendi described to me the various uses to which the product of the palm could be put. These wonderful trees provide the native with practically everything he requires. Should he want a fishing line, he hies him to his palm and gets from it a fiber strong enough to hold the biggest fish in the river. Should he wish for a wife, he climbs the tree and hews down the fruit, and from this extracts the nuts, which he sells to the white merchant at a good price; when he has got some fifteen dollars together, he takes it to the lady's mother and pays it over for his bride. If he wants a spree on the wedding night, he taps the palm and can get hilariously merry on the wine. If he wants a vegetable, he gets a delicious cabbage from the top branches, thereby, however, ruining the palm. When he wants oil to fry his fish, he squeezes it from the palm nut kernel. To light his hut the same oil is employed, the wick being made from the palm fiber. The oil and glycerine which he extracts from the pericarp, or outer covering of the palm nut, he uses to make soap where-with to wash himself, for he is withal a clean animal. He uses the palm leaves to cover his hut. In fact, this wonderful oil palm is the local universal provider, and the native can turn to it for almost any mortal thing he may require.

When we came now within about three miles of the mysterious falls which we had come to explore, the thunder of the waters could plainly be heard. We had not long settled into our new quarters when Joe Mendi informed me about the ferocious devil who lived in the whirlpool at the bottom

of the falls, and said that none of the natives would think of going near the place unless the devil's high priest, who lived in the village, would first go and make sacrifice to the evil spirit. I remarked, "I suppose this means that the high priest wants a present," and he replied, "Yes, master, he is outside now waiting to see you."

On going out with Joe I was introduced to a tall, slim, ancient-looking cynic, known as Pabeari, the high priest to the devil at the falls. I told Joe to ask the old pagan what he wanted to make it all square with his devil, for of course I knew that I would never get my superstitious natives to work at the falls unless the old priest was propitiated. Pabeari told me, with a smile, that his devil would be pleased to accept as a sacrifice a white kid and a white fowl, while he himself must be arrayed in a white linen garment to perform the ceremony. I requested permission of the high priest to be present at the rites, and he willingly agreed that I should witness them.

In the morning we found the whole village prepared to accompany us on our expedition. The old priest was in the van, and then followed his acolytes carrying the white kid and the white fowl, while the white linen was carried under his own arm, myself and my companions following close behind. The route was terribly rough, and towards the end there was no path whatever. We had to pick our way as best we could, and when we got to the end of the deep gorge which the river in the course of ages had hollowed out for itself, our ears were deafened with the roar of the falling waters, which we could obtain a glimpse of now and again through the foliage as we crept and scrambled down the steep face of the escarpment. At last we got to a position where we could peep through the trees, and our eyes were gladdened by the sight of an immense sheet of water dashing in a solid volume over a precipice at least one hundred feet high, and dropping sheer into a whirlpool of spume and spray in the depths below. The sun shone gloriously on the snowy waters and cast a rainbow against the cloudy steam which shot up into the air for a height of at least two hundred feet.

We were all anxiety to get to the edge of the river and have a nearer view of this glorious spectacle. Meanwhile Pabeari had wriggled himself down with wonderful agility, and by the time we had breathlessly

scrambled to the bottom he had taken up his position on an enormous flat stone which practically overlooked the whirlpool and which was wetted by the spray shot up by the falling water.

I was curious to see what the old man would do, but for the space of half an hour he neither did nor said anything. He just sat there with his arms lying listlessly in his lap, gazing into the pool with a dreamy, far-away expression in his usually crafty-looking eyes.

All the natives, and there must have been some hundreds of them, crouched around, gazing on the scene, which was as novel to them as it was to us, for it must be remembered that no native would, under any circumstances, go anywhere within sight of this waterfall, owing to their fear of the devil. Meanwhile we felt more or less spellbound by the beauty of the scene—the forest-clad and evergreen hills of Baykongo rising up perpendicularly on either hand from the very edges of the falls, while the view of the swirling river downstream was much enhanced by the huge boulders flecked with foam which jutted out on all sides, and the great trees which swayed and threw their shade right to the water's edge.

We all agreed that we had not come on a fruitless errand, and that here was a vast store of natural power, which, if judiciously harnessed, would prove an inestimable boon to a country in which no transport animal can live, owing to the deadly fly.

We had kept a careful eye on the high priest, expecting to see him sacrifice the goat and fowl; but the wily old man seemed to think that there were too many people around, and that they might all expect a share of the sacrifice, so he gravely informed me that he had been talking to his devil all this time and that he had requested him not to do us any harm, but that the devil had replied that while we were at the falls he would not remain there and that he was going into another part of the river, some half-mile farther down, where there were some rapids. "Even now," said the old fellow, "I see him rising out of the water and floating along in the mist. I must go and sacrifice before him down there." Without more ado the old man got up, signed to his attendants to follow him to the lower rapids with the goat and fowl, where no doubt he killed and ate them and enjoyed the feast thoroughly. With the departure of the old humbug all semblance of mystery vanished and we at once turned our

attention to business and set about cutting a way to the top of the falls. This was by no means an easy task, as we had to reascend to the top of the escarpment and from there clear a road through a virgin bush to the head of the falls, for there was no path of any kind, and none of the natives apparently had been venturesome enough to approach them.

After about four hours' strenuous work, with some hundreds of natives slashing away at the jungle, we eventually emerged on the bank of the river, just above the high rapids, and found that it raced through many channels and was some four hundred yards broad at this point. It was a wonderfully picturesque sight, and it looked a most promising field for our work.

We saw at a glance that there would be ample water power available for every possible requirement, so the first thing we turned our attention to was the finding of a suitable position for an intake well above the falls, and thence the direction of the pipe line or tunnel or open flume, whichever might be found more economical. When we got back to Punderu, towards dark on the evening of that first day, we arranged for a number of workmen to come with us and make roads for trial lines, as of course every inch of our way had to be cut through dense bush. We had brought with us a supply of axes and slashers for the work, and these were got out of their bundles, together with the level, the staves, and the measuring chain and compass. Trial lines had to be run from one point to another, and of course most careful readings had to be made to find the difference of level between the intake and the position of the turbines at the place where we proposed to erect the power-house. This was an extremely laborious and somewhat hazardous task, as, in order to carry out our work, we often had to cling to a root or tuft of grass on the edge of a precipice, or to take a perilous stand on a temporary bridge in the shape of a time-worn tree which nature had thrown across a yawning chasm.

The following morning I went with Mr. Hollenweger to complete the levels and survey above the falls and to fix the position of the power-house. At about two o'clock in the afternoon we had finished everything and sat down in a shady spot on a great flat rock to eat luncheon. While we were eating our bread and cheese the men asked, through Joe Mendi, who was always beside me, how much longer they were to be kept

at this devil-haunted spot. I told Joe to tell them that we had now finished our work and would start back for the coast in the morning. A mighty and joyous shout from the men showed how welcome this news was to them. At this moment Mr. Hollenweger remarked to me that he would like to go across to a little island from which he would get a better view of a stretch of the river which he wanted to sketch. Now the only way we had of getting about above the falls was by means of a crude raft which we had constructed out of three dried logs of cottonwood, each some fifteen feet long, secured together with the rope vine. On this we placed a chop-box for a seat, and made a couple of paddles out of flat pieces of board let into cleft sticks and tied with *tai tai*, the vine twine. We had all, at one time or another, ventured out into the river on this frail structure, always taking the precaution of removing our coats and boots, so that in the event of the raft capsizing we might be able to swim ashore.

The island that Mr. Hollenweger wished to sketch from could be reached by paddling across a backwater of the river some fifty yards wide, so that there was practically no danger whatever in rafting across this bit of water. I called to Joe, telling him to send the two fishermen for the raft, as it was moored to some rocks a little higher up, and in a few minutes they had brought it to the bank at our feet. Just as Mr. Hollenweger was about to step onto it I said: "You had better take your boots off in case of an upset, as you never know your luck with these rickety things." While he was removing his boots I took out my note-book and was jotting down some notes, and without looking up I asked Joe a question. Not getting a reply, I raised my eyes, and found that the raft was gone, and that Joe had gone with it in place of one of the fishermen. When I saw him on the raft, I shouted to him, "Can you swim, Joe?" He called out, "Yes, master, me swim good, me like him water." At this reply I took no further notice of the raft and continued making my notes. In a few minutes I was suddenly startled by an excited murmur among the men, who crowded round, and, on looking up to discover the cause, was horrified to see the raft in midstream being carried away by the current in the direction of the great falls. It appears that, owing to some misunderstanding, the men, instead of paddling to the island across the backwater,

attempted to reach another island farther out in the stream, and in doing so got into the current, which instantly swept the raft along with it as if it had been a mere straw. Faster and faster I saw them being carried down to the first rapid, the men paddling with all their might, endeavoring to escape from the clutches of the stream.

Nearer and nearer, bit by bit, they were gradually taken into the center of the river, and the only possible hope now left was that they would be able to make for a big rock which divided that part of the river into two streams, and so jump on to it and save themselves. Up to this point I was not greatly alarmed, as I felt fairly confident that they would be able to do this, although how to get them away from such a hazardous position, surrounded as they would be by a roaring torrent, would have taxed my ingenuity. It was with keen and expectant anxiety, therefore, that I watched the brave fellows exerting themselves to the uttermost to reach the rock. They worked to the very last; but the mighty force of that rushing flood of water was too much for them, and the next moment I saw the raft, the two natives, and Mr. Hollenweger hurled into the roaring rapids. A terrified cry went up from the assembled men as all disappeared from our view. The river at the point where the accident took place takes a bend at right angles, rushes down several steep rapids, and then bends back again round a projecting tongue of rock some hundred yards in length, where it is all throttled up in a rocky gorge not more than sixty feet wide. Although this tongue of rock which jutted out into the river and caused it to make this detour was terribly rough and filled with chasms and boulders, I rushed across it, hoping that by some chance or other I might be able to succor the unfortunate men, whom I now knew would be swept along before my eyes and almost within reaching distance of me, on their way to death in the great falls. In ordinary times it would have taken me at least ten minutes to negotiate the distance; but in this case I do not think I was more than one-third of that time in reaching the river. I eagerly scanned the onrushing, boiling flood, and, to my horror, saw just for a second the dusky head and body of poor Joe as it bobbed up in the seething, roaring water, tumbling about and whirling along exactly in the same way as the logs used to do which he himself loved to

throw in and watch being tossed and whirled about in that irresistible rush of waters.

I called to the natives, who crowded on the rocks round me, asking if they had seen the white man or the other black man go past. They replied that two black men had gone by, but that they had not seen the white man. Realizing that he had jumped on and clung to a rock, I raced back up the river, and, to my great joy, saw Hollenweger standing in a perilous position on a rock in the middle of a cataract. Of course no human voice could be heard amidst the roar of the water, so I made signs to him to sit down and I would somehow compass his release. At this point all my native followers began to raise howls of terror and to run for their lives. Luckily I had with me an old soldier of the frontier force named Bokari Engi, who could speak English and had been kindly lent to me by Dr. Maxwell to assist in keeping the men in order. This man was absolutely invaluable, and aided me in running after the men and calling them all back to their duty with many curses and cuffs and belaborings of a heavy stick which he always carried. As soon as we had somewhat calmed the men, we set them to work to cut down the rope vines, and then I proceeded to plait a thick rope some one hundred yards long, and, knowing from the previous days' experience how treacherous this kind of rope could be, as soon as I had finished each length of thirty or forty feet I tested it by putting twenty men onto it and straining it thoroughly to test its strength, as of course life or death depended on its holding or breaking. The making of this rope took considerable time, but it was all in the full view of Mr. Hollenweger, so he knew that we were not neglecting any precaution to insure his rescue. As soon as the rope was ready a big cottonwood log was notched at one end and the rope firmly lashed to it. We then had to get out more or less into midstream by jumping and wading in the shallows from rock to rock, until we finally reached an island where there was a current which would take our log downstream to the cataract where Mr. Hollenweger was a prisoner. It was with very great anxiety that I watched the log going steadily nearer and nearer to him as we passed out our long length of rope.

The force of the current swept the log to the right or to the left of where Hollenweger stood, but it never went near enough for him to jump onto it. In fact, I was

terrified lest he should attempt to do so and miss his hold. Of course, if he did miss, he was absolutely a doomed man. It was now getting rather late, and it looked as if we would not be able to rescue the unfortunate Hollenweger before nightfall. In this extremity it occurred to me that if I added another fifty feet to the length of my rope and let it go right down the cataract for some distance and then haul it back, the pressure of the water would force it close to the rock as we pulled the log up against the current. To my great joy, as we hauled it in, hand over hand, we saw it forced nearer and nearer to Hollenweger; and at last, when it got within about six or eight feet, he crouched and made a spring for it. I saw him seize the log, and then he was instantly buried from our view in the torrent. I knew that no time was to be lost; so I set my twenty men on to haul with all their might, and, to my unutterable relief, when we had pulled the log clear of the foaming water Hollenweger was still holding on to it, although he had been pushed along almost to the very end by the force of the water.

In a few more moments we had hauled him to safety under the lee of our island; and I never felt so pleased and relieved in the whole of my life as when I gripped him by the hand and helped him ashore.

Although a watch was kept down the river, the bodies of Joe Mendi and the unfortunate fisherman were not recovered. It is possible that they were forced into some cleft of rock, or kept whirling about in the pool at the foot of the great fall.

Altogether the fall from the point where the raft upset to the Devil's Whirlpool is about three hundred feet.

Next morning I met my friend Pabeari, the high priest to the devil of the falls. I said, "Well, old man, it appears that your devil was not propitiated, after all—you cannot be the right high priest." He blinked his cunning old eyes, folded his cloth more closely round him, and then said: "White man pay for sacrifice, white man saved; black man no pay sacrifice, devil take him!" That man is wasted in West Africa—he should go over to England; he would soon be an archbishop.

THE NEWSPAPER AS A PERSONALITY

BY H. J. HASKELL

"MY paper failed to report the new currency bill in anything like the detail it should," observed Mr. Moneybags. "Its news service is very deficient."

"I found only a bare mention of our church conference in the paper to-day," said Mr. Churchman. "I think I have a right to look to the newspaper for a complete account."

"The accounts from Mexico in my paper are evidently colored by the moneyed interests," Mr. Socialist said. "It's outrageous! The press of this country is controlled."

"All these fads in government are exploited in my newspaper," was the comment of Mr. Coupon-clipper, "but it omits unfavorable news about them."

"I fail to find news in the paper about the attempts of the safe and sane men in Congress to save the country from Democratic misrule," said Mr. Standpatter. "Such distortion of news is positively immoral."

These comments represent the views of the average citizen about his newspaper. They assume that the newspaper is simply a common carrier of news. The publisher is supposed to have made a contract with the reader to supply all the news of the world for so much a week. If the reader feels that he isn't getting it, he believes he has a just grievance. All the critics are on his side. It is generally taken for granted that the newspaper is bound to publish what is vaguely described as "all the news." It is taken for granted, further, that it doesn't, and that this failure is exceedingly reprehensible.

But now here is a curious situation. Presumably most newspapers are concerned in getting the news as completely as possible, for it is the chief commodity they have to sell. Competition is keen. A dissatisfied reader may procure another paper for the moderate sum of one cent. Merely on the

face of the situation it might be inferred that suppression of news would be the last thing that a sane newspaper would attempt. Why, then, is there so much complaint?

With due deference to the critics, it may be suggested that the trouble is with their definition of news. They regard it as a definite article of manufacture, like soap or crackers or linseed oil. It is done up in neat packages. All the newspaper need do is to collect and distribute these packages. But the idea is all wrong. News is a point of view, a state of mind. There is nothing definite about it. Art has been defined as nature seen through a mind. The same definition applies to news. In these days of the Bergsonian influence it may not be amiss to point out that news is a practical development of evolution, like intelligence or speech. It is a form of appreciating life. It is not life itself.

"Perception," M. Bergson says, "becomes in the end only an opportunity of recollection." That is, it must depend in large measure on the personality that does the perceiving. So a recent interpreter of M. Bergson, M. Le Roy, points out how difficult accurate observation is. "We see," he says, "or we do not see; we notice such and such an aspect; we read this or that, according to our state of consciousness at the time." Any newspaper reporter who has had to weigh conflicting reports by eye-witnesses will understand the force of these considerations.

Mr. Moneybags, Mr. Churchman, Mr. Socialist, and the rest, have different standards as to what constitutes news. As one man's meat may be another man's poison, so one man's news may be another's pet abomination. Material which the three-cent newspaper would regard as too trivial for words may be of the greatest interest to the constituency of the "Chambermaid's Own." It all depends on the point of view. This principle is of much wider application than might be supposed by a person not familiar with the workings of a newspaper office. Congress is revising the tariff. What is the news about it? Four years ago I was in Washington as correspondent for the Kansas City "Star" during the tariff session. The chief fight was made in the Senate. The way in which this was to be reported depended wholly on the view-point from which the fight was surveyed. If the correspondent felt that the revision was not a fair attempt to keep the platform pledges—as I felt—then he would naturally be on the lookout for

jokers and for points to criticise. The failure to change the woolen schedule, the revision upward in the cotton schedule, the joker in electric-lighting carbons—these and similar features would seem to him to be the chief news of the bill. The standpat correspondents, on the other hand, admitted that there were minor inequities in the measure; but such were to be found in every tariff bill, so why play them up? In the despatches of these men the reductions made by the bill loomed large. In other words, the news of the tariff session depended on the fundamental attitude of the reporter.

Now, of course, it would have been possible to comply with the advice of critics and "give both sides." Possible theoretically, that is. Most newspapers printed excerpts from speeches on both sides, and interviews with the opposing leaders. But that sort of thing merely confuses the reader, who knows that any skillful politician can make a plausible showing for a bad bill. What the man in the street wants to know about a tariff measure is whether it is essentially a revenue tariff bill, a sincere effort at revision downward, or an attempt at dust-throwing. Any satisfactory reporting of a tariff session must be based on the adoption of one of these view-points by the reporter. If the reader thinks the view-point is wrong, he has a simple recourse. He may buy another paper.

This matter of the point of view affects fundamentally the reporting of all news. How much news is there in Thaw's escape? It depends on the attitude of the newspaper. Is an art exhibit news? What space shall be given to the British Marconi scandal? Is the meeting of the American Economic Association to be reported in detail? How about news of the trade union movement? There is hardly a phase of human activity that can be mentioned that doesn't depend for its news value on the character and history of the newspaper that reports it.

For, be it repeated, the world is not a fixed world of definite facts, but a flowing stream of life, apprehended in various practical ways by the intelligence. M. Bergson might have had the newspaper problem in view when he wrote: "What we ordinarily call a fact is not reality such as it would appear to an immediate intuition, but an adaptation of reality to practical interests and the demands of social life."

This being the case, it might as well be

admitted frankly that the newspaper is a personality, rather than a common carrier of news; in fact, that it cannot be a common carrier of news, because it would be swamped with its freight. All that can be expected of it is that it report the news honestly as a person of a certain attitude and view-point might—a pervasive and extended person, but still a person. This conception of the newspaper may be verified in the experience of any reader. The world seen by the New York "Evening Journal" is essentially different from the world seen by the New York "Evening Post." The difference between these two worlds is the difference between the two personalities that see them. One newspaper personality may be cynical, clever, frivolous; another coarse-grained, flashy, bluffing, with all the attributes of a confidence man; another sober, sedate, cultured, conservative; another breezy, entertaining, radical, delighting in new things. The news reports as well as the editorials of any newspaper will be determined in large measure by the sort of personality that it has developed.

It is futile to look forward to a Utopia in which a single newspaper would print what Mr. Standpatter, Mr. Progressive, Mr. Socialist, and Mr. Coupon-clipper would

regard as an adequate news report. So long as human nature is what it is, such a newspaper never will be printed. It is just as absurd to expect it as to expect a doctor to be satisfied with medical information from the "Engineering News," or the engineer with the reporting of the "Journal of the American Medical Association." The endowed newspaper which should attempt to meet the situation in this way would fail, for the same reason that the privately owned newspaper would fail. It would be of the same intolerable pale gray as the modern "scientific history" which finds much to be said for both sides in every great crisis that involves human progress, and which gives the reader no hint as to whether Charles I really deserved to lose his head, or whether the revolt of the American colonists was justified. The average person has a healthy desire to know what's what, and not to grope in subtleties.

What the reader has the right to expect is that he can find a newspaper that is honest, intelligent, with a wide range of interests, and the qualities of a gentleman. Then he can read it with such allowance for its point of view as he may think necessary. This plan won't deprive him of any of his constitutional rights—and he won't be so badly off.

THE SPECTATOR

BLAZING skies, temperature of one hundred and ten degrees, wind racing over yellow wheat-fields like a furnace breath, the motor car followed by clouds of dust as it faced the westering sun—it was no day for joy-riding in the Middle West. The Spectator longed for the cool breezes of the hills—yet two days away, with more wide stretches of plain between.

"What strange corn!" exclaimed one of the party. "It's yellow!"

The field we were approaching was a reach of leafless stalks. The plants looked somehow as if they had been scalped. But stranger than that was the yellow of the cane-like growth, the even rows covering more than a hundred acres. As the car drew nearer the cause was apparent. To every stalk hung scores, maybe hundreds, of grasshoppers, clinging one over another, sucking the very life out of the plant, feeding on its

substance, eating their way into the heart of the maize.

Somehow it was pathetic, as if the corn, which a few days before had held so much promise of wealth and usefulness, was being murdered in cruelty and pain. Into the motor car the grasshoppers flew by the dozen; they bit one's hands, crashed against the motor goggles, and became a nauseating plague on one's clothing. The radiator front was spotted by the saffron creatures which had plunged head first into the machine.



The sun-baked town down in a valley seemed deserted as we entered the main—and only—street. But when the car halted a little crowd of men and children gathered to gaze on the visitors.

"Looks pretty tough for crops," volunteered the Spectator, addressing a bespecta-

cled veteran who might have been the postmaster. "Going to be hard work getting through the winter?"

"Oh, we ain't suffering," came the cheerful reply. "It's pretty dry; no rain since last June, nearly two months now, and corn is all in—but nobody's complainin'."

"But what are you going to live on?—the corn and grass and fruit are killed by the drought!"

"That's just the way every stranger talks," broke in a firm-mouthed, farmer-like onlooker. "You see the grasshoppers and the dead pastures, and think we'll starve. You don't realize that we Westerners have had hard times before. We was here when we didn't raise much of anything and we couldn't get anything for what we did raise. We sold good horses for thirty dollars and cows for twenty. Now horses are worth two hundred and cows seventy. We have chickens and alfalfa and our dairies, and there was a good wheat crop at good prices. Supposing the corn does fail—we'll get along."

"If you have such failures, would it not be better to go farther East, where conditions are more stable, than to stay out here on the high plains? Couldn't you make more in the end?"

"How could we go—without becoming laborers? Our land is cheaper than that of the older-settled sections. If we sell out, we can't buy again. Here we have homes and get ahead. There are ten thousand persons in this county and they have four hundred autos—not expensive things like yours, but they run about as well. We don't owe much, and we have some money in the bank. There's a county high school where we send our children, and rural delivery, and telephones everywhere—didn't you see the poles along the road? What more do we need to be happy?"

It was a long speech, and he stumbled a little over it, but he was sincere and gave evidence of good breeding.

"Another thing you forget," he went on. "This is our country; we made it. I came here when there wasn't a fence within a hundred miles; when no orchards or farms or towns were here. We have made the prairie into this," and he pointed to the village street, to the farm-houses and barns and silos back on the higher prairie. "We have grown

up with it, and we know it, and believe in it. Our land is not for sale at any but unreasonably high prices, because these are our homes. Supposing grasshoppers are eating up the corn—they have not been here for thirty years, and we shall never see them again. Don't the folks back East have floods sometimes?"

By this time several women had joined the circle. Their faces were, like the faces of many Western women who live in the country towns, seamed by the wind and burned by the sun. How could it be otherwise, when such intensely heated breaths were driven, day after day, across the land? They nodded approval of their champion's words; and if they had any lurking desire to leave the high plains, it was not expressed.



The marvel of it all is that, despite the climatic conditions, which sometimes seem almost harder than they can bear, none of the old-time talk about "going back East to the wife's folks" is heard. Thirty years ago in that valley a speculator sowed thousands of acres of wheat in one great field. Transcontinental trains were halted so that the passengers might feast their eyes on the wondrous picture; it realized all their dreams of agricultural splendor. The next year wheat failed, and a dreary procession of white-covered wagons took the settlers eastward. To-day in that same valley the passengers see from the trains not only wheat, but corn, alfalfa, fruit, herds, flocks, and scores of big red barns and comfortable houses. The wheat fails sometimes; the corn is a disappointment sometimes—but nobody leaves. Other things make up for the deficiency, and prosperity goes on—not quite so rapidly, to be sure, but with a certainty that maintains hope and good cheer.



The motor car whizzed along the street out into the open country again. Here and there were corn-fields ruined by the grasshoppers; pastures were brown. But somehow the prospect had changed. Instead of seeing in these afflictions a cause of pity, they seemed only minor instances in the great scheme of advancement present over the West. Back of it all gleamed the optimism and faith of sturdy, hopeful, earnest men and women who are developing their communities along cleanly, helpful, worthy ways.

THE NEW BOOKS

Red Colonel (The). By George Edgar. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.30.

A crime and mystery story, not in the least probable, but worked out with ingenuity and with exciting suspense.

Iron Trail (The). By Rex Beach. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.35.

A dramatic and exciting tale of Alaska. Rival railway builders fight by fair means and foul; a great breakwater on which millions have been spent is swept out to sea by storm; glaciers are circumvented by bold engineers; coal claims are filed and forfeited; and of course there are love stories to complete the attraction. The book has quick action and brisk talk.

Happy-go-Lucky. By Ian Hay. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.25.

This story is somewhat over-boisterous in its pictures of school and college life as presented in the earlier chapters; but the latter part of the book, in which a ne'er-do-well but affectionate family is brought into contact and even combat with another family which is rich and haughty, over the engagement of the scion of wealth to the working daughter of the poor family, is delightfully whimsical and humorous. Even those who do not care much for the first part of the book should be encouraged to proceed to the enjoyment of the fun in the latter part, which has, moreover, a wholesome strain in its scorn of snobbery and its admiration of what is genuine in human nature.

Round the Corner. By Gilbert Cannan. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.35.

Mr. Cannan's "Peter Homunculus" made a strong impression upon that part of the fiction-reading public which is looking for something more than entertainment. This is a stronger book in that it is less confused, more closely kept down to human experience, but always with a questioning attitude as to the meaning of life "Round the Corner." Says Serge, the wisest man in the book: "Modern life is theatrical. Everybody is playing a part, because they are without understanding. Life for modern men and women is round the corner because they attempt to tackle their affairs with the minds of children." But neither Serge nor the author is a pessimist at heart. "Life," says Serge, "is a serious business which yields its reward only to simplicity, sincerity, and purity." The Rev. Francis Folyat and his eight children, whose lives and loves and failings and weaknesses are here set down with no extenuation and no bitterness, were not, with one exception, vicious, but they were not strong enough to stem the tide of weakness, selfishness, and untoward circumstance; to do so would have been heroic, and they were of ordinary human clay,

"even as you and I." Their individual qualities are quietly but effectively set forth, and the reader who recognizes care and thought in literary work will follow the story with approbation and appreciation.

History of England (A). By A. D. Inness. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

Here, in one large single volume, the author undertakes to cover English history from the earliest times to the present day. He holds up as his own model Green's "Short History of the English People," which he calls "that great classic incomparable in its kind." His own work, of course, covers a much longer period. We cannot at this moment undertake detailed criticism; but a casual examination shows that the book is well proportioned, and it appears to be written in a clear and reasonably readable manner. It is fully illustrated; in part, however, with very poor cuts, very badly printed.

Son of a Servant (The). By August Strindberg. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

That Strindberg soon found the devil in his search for God, as he said had been his fate, is made plain by the reading of this book, which is a record of his early life. For the sympathetic and impartial reader it will explain many of his unattractive and even repellent qualities, for it lays bare the early struggles of an abnormal temperament, thwarted by neglect, misunderstanding, and unfortunate parentage. That Strindberg was a genius no one will deny, and it is not surprising that with his temperament, which breathed and incited revolt, he should have been buffeted and tossed in many directions by the fierce winds of Europe's revolt and progress through which he lived. In his search Strindberg found the Ideal to be a scourge rather than a Pegasus. In his writing he is at times a painful and, it would seem, an unnecessarily brutal realist; and yet he loved the æsthetic in every form, and was particularly a great lover of nature; in the contemplation of its beauty he found compensation for much that irritated him in daily life. A panorama of sea and islands stretching away into infinite distance especially delighted him, and it was reserved for him in his prose writings to describe adequately the natural beauty of the rocky coast that makes up the splendor of the fjord. His favorite painter was Turner, and the sea, the sun, and the life of men who battle with the great waters were several times the sources of his virile inspiration, as, for instance, in "Life on the Skerries." In "Hemso Folk," too, against a background of sea and sky, he has drawn with fine art the portraits of a schoolmaster and a priest; and this book, while perhaps the most truly Swedish in feeling, is at the same time the most universal, for much in it is true for all time

and all places. The closing chapter of the book under notice, which is entitled "Character and Destiny," is interesting in its summing up of Strindberg's own estimate of himself and his many-sidedness and contradictions as brought home to him by the diversity of other people's

judgments. "When is one true, and when is one false?" he asks himself; and so he steps out into Life, where he is to play the part of a man, in order to develop himself, and still ever to remain as he was! "A man's character is his destiny."

THE READER'S VIEW

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE SEX QUESTION

The August 9 issue of *The Outlook* discusses editorially, under the heading "Personal Purity and the Chicago Schools," a question which for the past year or more has received the consideration of the Chicago Board of Education. The result of this Board's deliberations is shown in its adoption of the recommendation of the Superintendent of Schools, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young. This, in brief, is, as stated in the editorial, "that effective speakers on personal purity . . . give, in the fall term of 1913, a course of three lectures on this subject in each of the twenty-one high schools. . . ." Referring to opposition to this action of the Chicago Board of Education, *The Outlook* finds the objection raised "by certain Christian Scientists" not altogether comprehensible. This failure to understand the Christian Scientist's viewpoint may be due, however, to the fact that the objection cited is not at all the one that Christian Scientists would urge. "They" (Christian Scientists), *The Outlook* claims, "based their protest on the plea that teaching the facts in regard to sex instilled fear in the minds of children." Where such an impression came from is hard to say. Certainly not from official statements on this subject by Christian Scientists. There are no records available that the writer can find to justify such a conclusion. Indeed, it should be known that when Christian Scientists protest against a plan for teaching sex hygiene in public schools it is on entirely different grounds than those above stated.

While uniting heartily with the School Board in purpose, Christian Scientists nevertheless are convinced of a better method for attaining the same end. The majority of Chicago parents—those who are not Christian Scientists as well as those who are—who have considered the question (judging by protests with which the School Board has recently been flooded) seem convinced that this subject of sex hygiene is one that should receive attention in the home and not in the school. If parents are not doing their duty in this respect, the opinion of the parents indicates that it is they, and not the children, who should be instructed.

But the Christian Scientist would be opposed to the course of the Chicago School Board by the desideratum to meet this as well as other

problems through spiritual rather than by other means. Without employing here the metaphysical reasoning involved in the conclusion, let it be stated that purity, from the Christian Science standpoint, is to be realized through a knowledge of, an identification with, and a desire and love for purity. "Unto the pure all things are pure." Purity may be gained, like other things worth having, only by seeking "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness"—a rule which was promulgated by the Master Christian. To "take no thought for your body" is also a command of Jesus, and he stated that "it is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." Paul, with a very clear understanding of his subject, states that "to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." It is apparent to Christian Scientists, who seek to keep these points well in mind, that the plan of holding false beliefs and practices before the gaze of children or adults is not the way to rid them of the desire for or indulgence in these beliefs and practices. Such a method may indeed do much toward developing a wrong sense, and has yet to prove an ability in establishing a right attitude on this and other important moral questions.

To follow the spiritual behests and practices of such teachers as Jesus and Paul is, according to Christian Science, to take the steps necessary to arrive at a proper understanding on this subject on the part of all, young and old alike. This, after all, is merely putting into practice what Christianity has been teaching in theory for centuries past. Mrs. Eddy enjoins her followers, "Keep your minds so filled with Truth and Love that sin, disease, and death cannot enter them. It is plain that nothing can be added to the mind already full. There is no door through which evil can enter, and no space for evil to fill, in a mind filled with goodness. Good thoughts are an impervious armor. . . ." H. CORNELL WILSON.

Christian Science Committee on Publication,
New York.

[The *Outlook's* statement as to the letters received by the Chicago Board of Education was made on excellent authority. Mr. Wilson's statement of fact in regard to these letters seems to be based upon the erroneous reports published in the daily press at that time. Our

assertion that Christian Scientists objected on the ground that teaching sex hygiene would instill "fear" into the minds of children does not seem to us very greatly at variance with Mr. Wilson's statement that the Christian Scientists objected on the grounds that such teaching would instill "evil." Christ did not ignore the existence of the body. He blessed with his presence the wedding feast at Cana, and on more than one occasion he took heed of the physical wants of his disciples. Apparently Mr. Wilson's view is that instruction in the facts of sex is "holding false beliefs and practices before the gaze of children or adults," that Christian Science is the most effective agent for making the mind and heart pure, and that if the Chicago schools will not avail themselves of this particular agent or method, the Scientists will oppose the adoption of all other agents or methods.—THE EDITORS.]

SLOW OR SLOWLY?

One of the common fallacies which it seems impossible to eradicate is the assumption that adverbs must end in *ly*, and, conversely, that all words identical in form with adjectives are wrongly used as adverbs if they do not end in *ly*. The adverb *slow*, which receives its periodical attack in The Outlook of August 23, 1913, is by no means obsolete even in the vicinity of Boston, as I have often observed on the road signs referred to.

It should be noted, first, that if "Drive slow" is bad English, it is not at all a violation of the laws of grammar, when those laws are scientific enough to cover the facts. The most common way of forming adverbs in older English was the addition of a pronounced *e* to adjectives. Often the adjectives so converted had previously ended in *ly*, like *manly* (speaking in modern forms), but just as often they had no ending, like *deep*. The audible final *e* served to distinguish all such adverbs from the corresponding adjectives. But in course of time this final *e* became worn off in pronunciation, and often in spelling, so that the forms of the adverbs became identical with the forms of the adjectives, though the words have, of course, still remained adverbs, and are not "adjectives used for adverbs." As a result, we have adjectives like *stately* and *deep*, and also the adverbs *stately* and *deep*. So we have a great number of genuine adverbs that have lost a final *e* that formerly distinguished them from the corresponding adjectives, such as *high*, *low*, *quick*, *long*, *fast* (imagine "He is driving fastly"!). The adverb *slow* has developed, by the common law of analogy, from the adjective *slow* without actually having had an *e*. No fault can be found with the grammar of "Drive slow" (except by those who make some of our school grammars).

The only ground on which the phrase could be condemned is that of usage. The good

standing of the adverb *slow* is not questioned by two leading American and English dictionaries, the International and the Oxford. A glance at the latter shows that it has been in good use since 1500. Among others it is used by Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Thackeray, and the "Edinburgh Review." It is extremely common in such phrases as *slow-breeding* (Darwin); cf. *slow-moving vehicles*. As a matter of actual fact, the adverb *slow* is in general use by cultivated speakers and writers.

Speaking of courtesy, the author of "Grammar and Courtesy" would be pleased (grammar and all) by a series of signs I recently encountered in Akron, Ohio, on a private drive temporarily open to the public. The first sign reads, "Private drive. Please drive slowly." The last reads, "Thank you!"

J. S. K.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

GOVERNOR SULZER'S IMPEACHMENT

A READER'S PREDICTION

On reading the article on the impeachment of New York's Governor in The Outlook of August 23, one must be struck with its sanity, of course, but quite as much with its extraordinary omission. It is enough for Mr. Sulzer's security that the hand of Murphy is against him. It is of paramount importance that Murphy's tactics be understood. The daily papers report almost unanimously Murphy's entire confidence in placing his man in the Mayor's office of Greater New York next November. This confidence is not misplaced, provided he can secure the independent or wavering Democratic vote. Surely the most effective method of doing this is to disgust that kind of Democratic voter with the type of Democracy in the Executive at Albany. The impeachment proceedings, beginning on September 18, must be concluded and a decision rendered, all within seven weeks, in order to acquit or condemn the Governor before election day. The situation is manifestly plain. On Mr. Sulzer's apparently successful rebuttal of the charges, a court, composed largely of Democratic State Senators, would find no difficulty in deferring a decision indefinitely. A hostile Assembly committee could bring in "new evidence." On the contrary, should the Governor's defense appear palpably inadequate, events would be allowed to take their course. On the one hand, the independent Democrat is made to appear a supporter of an impeached Governor under suspicion of dishonesty, or, on the other hand, of a Governor dismissed from office for misconduct. In either case there is good ground for Murphy's confidence in the Mayoralty contest.

What happens to the impeachment proceedings after November 4 is a matter of indifference to Murphy.

N. W. MUMFORD.

Milburn, New Jersey.

MANY INVENTIONS

AN AIR-PLANE UPSIDE DOWN

What the air-brake does for the railway train, or the uncapsizable boat does for safety on the water, will be done for the aeroplane, so at least its inventors claim, through the new theories of control recently demonstrated in France by M. Pegoud in several sensational flights. He had already dropped 900 feet from an aeroplane in a newly devised parachute. Here is the account of one of his somersault feats as cabled to the New York "Sun:"

Pegoud, who used a Blériot monoplane which had been strengthened in some parts and which was equipped with a Gnome engine of 50 horsepower, had announced that he intended to turn a somersault in the air, and a crowd gathered to watch his movements. When about three thousand feet up Pegoud turned the bow of his machine straight toward the earth and darted downward with the motor going at full speed. After dropping some twelve hundred feet Pegoud turned his rudder in such a way that the monoplane turned a complete vertical circle. The machine then came down in a great spiral volplane and landed gently on the ground. Pegoud is willing to repeat the performance to-morrow before a committee of army officers.

After landing Pegoud was all smiles and was as cool and collected as before he started. He said everything went well and his control of the machine was perfect. If he remained so long head downwards, as people had remarked, it was because he wished to do so. The sensation was queer, but not at all disagreeable. The machine, he said, did not pitch in the least. He made his maneuvers very slowly in order to avoid giving a violent shock to the machine, but he could have recovered his position quicker if he had wanted to. He was perfectly comfortable and felt absolutely safe with the wide braces which retained him. Estimates as to the time Pegoud remained head downward vary from fifteen to thirty seconds.

This exploit is a sequel to an article in the "Auto" by M. Blériot, in which he argued that the use of parachutes for aviators was very limited. Safety, he argued, should be sought in the construction of the machines. He does not believe in automatic stability as a guarantee of safety.

Blériot maintains that as uncapsizable life-boats exist for the sea, something similar should be devised for the air. If this is found to be impossible, then individual parachutes are worth studying.

A NEW AIR-BOAT

A writer in the New York "Sun" prints an interview with Mr. G. C. Loening, superintendent of the Wright Company in Dayton, in which Mr. Loening describes a new flying-boat planned by the famous aeronaut Orville Wright, and the result of two years' experiment.

"Mr. Wright," he said, "expects that his aeroboat will demonstrate its usefulness, espe-

cially in carrying mails, despatches, etc., over inaccessible inland waterways, such as are found in many regions of the West, in Alaska, and along the coast.

"The consistent speed of the new boat will be sixty-seven miles an hour," he added, "and at all times it will be a faster vehicle for postal service than the fastest express train. Greater speed can be obtained on a spurt."

The aeroboat has also been developed to an unusual point of seaworthiness.

Mr. Loening also described a new hydro-aeroplane, model "C-H," which Mr. Wright has just put upon the market.

"The new hydro has been developed particularly for use over small inland rivers and lakes," said Mr. Loening. "It is provided with new features for stability and control on the water. The quick and treacherous air-currents created by high banks will not upset the new craft.

"With only a 60-horse-power motor as many as four persons have been carried on this hydro, and frequently it has flown off the water from a standing start in less than ten seconds."

THE POWER OF PLANTS

We all know how the roots of a tree will break up a sidewalk or injure an earthen drain, thereby causing untold trouble to the householder. But that is only a mild illustration of the lifting power of growth in plant life. A tree growing through the hole of a millstone, for instance, has been known to lift the heavy stone completely off the ground. A squash "harnessed" for experiments has lifted 5,000 pounds. Mr. George E. Stone, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, writes on this subject in the current number of the "Popular Science Monthly." We quote his statement of what the apparently feeble fern and mushroom can do:

A gentleman noticed that the stone in a walk leading to his residence had been displaced. He became alarmed and sent for the police, laboring under the impression that burglars were responsible for the displacement and were planning some deep plot against him. But on moving the stone, which weighed eighty pounds, three large mushrooms were discovered and the mischief was explained. Instances are known of mushrooms pushing up through hard tar walks two or three inches thick without the slightest difficulty or evidence of injury to their delicate tissues; and even seedlings often displace comparatively large masses of soil in pushing up through.

For several years we have been observing the rupturing of very hard concrete by ostrich ferns. The concrete, which is two and a half to three inches thick and composed of sand, tar, and coarse gravel, acts as a watershed next a dwelling-house. Along the edge ostrich ferns were some time ago planted in loam rich in organic matter, and have since been growing most luxuriantly, the stalks often reaching a height of six feet or more. Like most ferns, the underground stem or rhizome spreads out in all direc-

tions each year and thrusts up new fronds; and quite regardless of the apparently impenetrable covering, the rhizomes work their way under it and attempt to throw up new shoots. And not in vain, for the ferns appear to break through the concrete as easily as though it were so much putty.

SAVING BIRDS' LIVES

The well-known fact that enormous numbers of birds lose their lives because of lighthouses—as many as a thousand dead birds have been found in a morning around the lighthouse at Terschelling, Holland—has led to efforts to stop the slaughter. A writer in the "Saturday Evening Post" thus explains the matter:

A scientist has supplied the cure. He is an eminent Dutch naturalist, who made a careful study of the manner in which lighthouses cause the death of birds, and found that in most instances the bird is not killed by the impact of flying against a light, but by exhaustion from flying round and round the light. Apparently the birds usually succeed in veering off as they fly up to a light; but then, for many of them, the light still has a fatal fascination, and they circle round the great lamp until they drop or until daylight comes.

So this naturalist proposed to put perches round the light a little below the strongest beams, so that the birds might find a resting-place when they became tired. Such perches were built at Terschelling with great success. Small migratory birds had been the worst sufferers there, but few of them are now killed. They fly up to the lamp as before, and circle round until tired; then they take seats on the perches and look at the great light until they recover strength enough to start flying again or until daylight comes. Since the perches have been built the death rate among them at this light is only two per cent of what it had been.

A PHONOGRAPH CLOCK

A phonograph clock, says an exchange, has been perfected by Max Marcus, a German, after many years of labor. He is confident that his invention will come into general use. It not only keeps time to the second, but tells the time in a clear baritone voice. "Four o'clock!" and "Four-thirty!" says the clock in loud, distinct, but very pleasantly modulated tones, and the half and full hours may be repeated at will by the pressing of a button. The quarters are not spoken.

THE LONGEST TELEPHONE CABLE

A thirty-five-mile cable for telephone connection between Vancouver and Vancouver Island lately received from England is described in the "Journal of Electricity, Power, and Gas" (San Francisco). It cost over \$100,000, weighs 560,000 pounds, and the expense in laying was \$20,000. Considerable customs duty was saved by the Canadian Government not charging duty on that part of the cable laid below low-water mark. It is said to be the longest telephone

cable in the world, and is laid at a depth heretofore not attempted, much of the line going 200 fathoms deep in the Gulf of Georgia, at one place being 1,356 feet deep. A cable will be stretched across Saanich Inlet, which will bring Victoria into much better connection with Vancouver by means of the cable just laid.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST ARCH

In reinforced-concrete arches, as in transatlantic steamers, the palm of superlative greatness is transitory. Hardly are the centering timbers down in the one case, or the maiden voyage over in the other, before the blue-prints of a greater bridge or boat are hanging to dry in the office of some ambitious engineer.

For two years the 328-foot Risorgimento arch across the Tiber at Rome has been the longest reinforced-concrete span in the world, taking the title from the 320-foot Grafton arch at Auckland, New Zealand, completed about a year earlier. Now comes Switzerland with the latest "largest masonry arch" in the 330-foot span at Langwies, on the meter-gauge railway between Chur and Arosa.

A SELF-CLEANING WORK-BENCH

A work-bench so arranged as to exhaust the dust set up in the process of rubbing castings is described by "System," of Chicago. The adoption of this bench, we are told, has resulted in a cleaner shop and a higher standard of workmanship. "System" says:

Rubbing down castings is generally very dusty work. But when done on the "vacuum-cleaner" bench all the dirt and dust is drawn through the slots and carried away. A five-horse-power motor driving a fifteen-inch exhaust-fan connected to graduated galvanized troughs under the bench gives the necessary power and draft for its operation. All the dust and dirt collected is discharged into a box just outside the factory building instead of being stirred up with a broom and breathed by the workman.

"ARTICULATED TROLLEYS"

How to devise a trolley car that would take with certainty the innumerable sharp curves of the lines through Boston's narrow streets has long been, says the "Technical World Magazine," a problem with the concern which controls the trolley franchise of the Hub:

The "articulated" car, as it is called, is the fruition of months of experimenting. The new combination consists of two ordinary trolleys hitched at each end of a very "thin" car. It is in this thin center car that the fine work of the "invention" lies. In swinging a sharp curve, where the big, modern convertibles will grind with a shriek sufficient to raise the dead, the center car of the "articulated" train enables the circuit to be made with easy, gradual adjustment to the turn. The "articulated" opens the way to the use of the million-times-thought-of and hitherto impracticable trolley train.

BY THE WAY

New Yorkers who heard the cry of "Extra" and saw the heading "Imperator on Fire" a few days ago feared at first that Hoboken was to have another disastrous steamship fire. It was in 1900, it will be remembered, that the Saale, the Bremen, and the Main were burned at nearly the same place where the Imperator lay, and 143 lives lost. The Imperator, however, was only slightly damaged and sailed on time, though one of her officers lost his life.

What can a clergyman do when he has accidentally received a black eye on Saturday and must preach on Sunday? If he has the courage of Dr. Len G. Broughton, of London, who has been preaching in the Madison Avenue Reformed Church in New York City, he will go into the pulpit and tell his astonished audience not to sympathize too freely with him, that he merely has a black eye, that he got it playing tennis, and then he will go ahead with his sermon.

The famous French advocate, Maître Labori, who was prominent in the Dreyfus trials, is visiting America. In a Western city he heard a judge call a reporter "Al." "Such democracy!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "In Paris this would be shocking." And in America it certainly is undignified. A judge on the bench who speaks familiarly to his cronies must expect occasionally to be held in contempt.

A poor East Side boy that was, who is now a prosperous physician, has offered to give 3,000 pairs of eyeglasses free to East Side school-children of defective eyesight. The New York City school authorities have had under consideration the plan of furnishing free eyeglasses to children with defective vision, but nothing has been done, and Dr. Becker's generosity will make many children happy.

"Never find fault with or criticise your husband directly," says an unknown Solomon writing in the daily press. "If you dislike his ways, criticise the same thing in another person, and your husband will be likely to take the hint." Still, a frank talk now and then might sometimes be helpful. If Othello had only said, "My dear Desdemona, will you kindly explain—"

Germany is said to be borrowing from France the "two-child system" that has almost put the latter country out of the running as a military power in comparison with her Teutonic rival. The chief cities of Germany show a decline in the birth-rate during the last decade of from 20 to 37 per cent.

Chinola is a new fur that is to be worn during the coming winter. It is made from Russian squirrel skins, and it is said that "a coat that

anybody but an expert would have difficulty in distinguishing from genuine chinchilla fur worth about \$3,000 can be produced in chinola for \$750." Persons of modest means who do not object to wearing imitation furs may thus be apprised of the bargain that is in store for them.

The Mayor of Ryde recently passed away. The announcement would not have appeared in American papers, probably, if in addition to his interest in municipal politics Michael Maybrick had not also been the author of many popular songs. Under the name of Stephen Adams he published "A Warrior Bold," "Nancy Lee," "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," and other sentimental ballads, as well as "The Holy City" and "The Star of Bethlehem."

Every right-minded Californian, says a newspaper correspondent, objects to the odious nickname "Frisco" for San Francisco. Certainly most self-respecting Americans will agree with him; and yet something must be allowed to the American sense of humor, which delights in replacing the names of cities and States with sobriquets. Then—how about the "Frisco Line"?

Many first-class swimmers have attempted to swim from the Battery in New York City to Sandy Hook, but the feat was for the first time recently accomplished by Alfred Brown, of the Flushing division of the American Life Saving Society. He was in the water for 13 hours and 17 minutes.

Detroit, according to a correspondent of the New York "Times," has been doing more this summer to increase the comfort of the masses of its citizens than any other city of its size in the country. Especially in the management of its parks is this evident. There are in the parks regularly appointed attendants to look after the babies; there are swings, merry-go-rounds, sand-boxes, and wading-pools for the youngsters; there are numerous refreshment places, at which no intoxicating drinks are sold; there are orchestras; and there are commodious steamers from the city to the parks, the fare on which is only a nickel.

Chicago, which once had a reputation for being a "wide open" town, is becoming known for its severe code of morality. A new city ordinance prohibits the popular but demoralizing "hug" dances as features of café entertainments. Will Chicago's fashionable people take the hint and follow the example in their own assembly-rooms?

An esteemed subscriber, writing from Germany, reminds us that American interest in Conservation is about three and a half centuries

behind that of his country. It was in the year 1568, he tells us, that Bavaria passed its first general ordinance for the preservation of forests. Yes; but, then, those were the times when our colonists' first duty was to get rid of the trees in order to raise a crop; so whose is the greater glory?

Individualism in dress sometimes has to be repressed even among the French, who do not usually object to costumes that strike the American tourist as somewhat extreme. The Mayor of a popular seaside resort in Normandy has issued a proclamation declaring that "unusual or eccentric bathing costumes are forbidden. Ladies who do not wish to wet their costumes must nevertheless have them of discreet design." Then, to strike the balance even, he adds: "Men who appear on the beach only to pose as athletes will not be tolerated."

There was a time when "British spies" were unwelcome in this country, but we have no feeling against them to-day—especially when they have won their title in Germany. Captain Bertrand Stewart, whom the Kaiser recently pardoned while he was serving a long sentence for too much curiosity about German fortifications, is in America on a pleasure trip. He has a camera with him, but says that he will leave it at his hotel when he visits our forts!

People who live on the seashore should keep an eye out for a chunk of ambergris. A Watch Hill, Rhode Island, girl while strolling along the beach saw a lump of a peculiar grayish substance and broke off a piece of it. The piece proved to be worth \$30 and the lump which she threw back into the water was worth \$3,000.

No doubt the young woman lamented her ignorance as to the value of ambergris, but she was not so foolish as the Rand farmer of the early days, who found a large, brilliant stone, and, having heard that a genuine diamond was so hard that it could not be broken, hit it with a hammer. On finding that the fragments were diamonds of the first water, and that he had destroyed a Kohinoor, the unfortunate man, so the story as we find it in a book on precious stones goes, committed suicide.

There are apparently some "real daughters" of the Revolutionary War still surviving, as well as "real sons." A subscriber writes that one of these real daughters is Mrs. Harriet Buell Woods Dodge, who was born January 19, 1822, lives in East Montpelier, Vermont, and is a member of the Marquis de Lafayette Chapter of the D. A. R.

Bernadette Soubirous, the peasant girl of Lourdes, has been beatified by the Congregation of Rites at Rome. Fifty-five years ago this girl announced that the Virgin Mary had

appeared to her at a grotto in the then unknown hamlet of Lourdes. Now great crowds of pilgrims constantly come to this grotto, and Lourdes is probably the most celebrated shrine in the Christian world, sharing the fame of Mecca and of Benares as a place of pilgrimage. The age of miracles may have passed, but certainly we still live in the age of marvels.

Always the intelligent traveler finds surprises awaiting him—and passes them on to the stay-at-homes for whom he writes. Here comes Mr. E. B. Soanes, in "To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise," telling us that the Kurds, whom most of us supposed to be a dark race like the Turks, are blonds like the English. "Many and many a man have I seen among them who might have stood for the picture of a Norseman. Yellow flowing hair, a long drooping mustache, blue eyes, and a fair skin—one of the most convincing proofs, if physiognomy be a criterion, . . . that the Anglo-Saxon and Kurd are one and the same stock."

These wild, fierce Englishmen of the desert have certain artistic tastes, however, that are not always possessed by their insular brethren. Mr. Soanes describes a visit to the encampment of a nomad chief in which, under a great goat-hair canopy, were "glorious carpets," such as few English homes possess and still fewer Englishmen could design or make.

The Japanese people are proverbially polite, and hence disinclined to criticize others; but an American lady in Japan has succeeded in getting some of her Japanese friends to enumerate what they consider the weaknesses of American character. Here are some of them: Americans lose their tempers too quickly; they have little appreciation of the beauties of art or of nature; they are always in a hurry; they make shallow jokes about everything; they think they "know it all;" they are too truthful—state disagreeable facts unnecessarily; they often, especially the ladies, feel "cross" and take no pains to conceal their unamiability. American tourists will kindly note their defects and reform!

Newspapers that are old enough to have a history can dig out more or less interesting items from issues of ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. The Omaha "Bee" is such a paper. But its extracts from its files of long ago indicate that "history, with all its volumes vast, has but one page." In two consecutive issues recently it gave the first place in its happenings of thirty years ago to events in the baseball world.

In our paragraph in "The Week" in the issue of September 6 the statement that the skeletons of the Russian officers lost on the Petropavlovsk were found at a depth of 800 feet was an error; 150 feet is more likely to have been the fact, as the record for deep-sea diving is 204 feet.